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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Keepsake for 1828. Post 8vo. pp. 312. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.; R. Jennings.

OPENED by a face of that patrician loveliness whose inspiration no one catches like Lawrence, and whose spirit is as guardian to the exquisite volume, which seems made but for the rose-wood table—to be opened but by a white hand, radiant with jewels—and fitting for the saloon where the poet and the painter's works unite intellectual refinement with luxury: and, moreover, there is a dedication, as graceful as it is pectial; and, though addressed to some fair incognita, may be most prettily applied to what-
ever bright-eyed lady the *Keepsake* is an offering. Nothing can be more beautiful than all that the artist has done for these pages—the wreath of summer flowers, where the lover or friend may inscribe the name—the title-page—and the variety as well as excellence of the numerous engravings, merit the highest praise.

Of the literary part, our applause is more qualified—it is unequal; what is good, is very good; and the bad, very bad indeed. What could induce the accomplished editor to admit such rubbish as his first article—on the *Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry*—the *Devo Alfeir*, fit for those days when oriental genii were staple contributors to magazines—and allow that lovely picture, the *Lady's Dream*, to be illustrated by trash that might be mistaken for stray leaves from High Life, Hyde Nugent, &c.? We are thus severe, because the *Keepsake* must hold a high place; besides, it possesses quite enough of merit to bear the truth. And now that we again turn to the side of praise, we have much to say in its favour: the following strikes us as perfect of its kind.

"The Gored Huntsman."

"The night was drawing on apace. The evening mist, as it arose from the ground, began to lose its thin white wreaths in the deep shadows of the woods. Kochenstein, separated from his companions of the chase, and weary with his unsuccessful efforts to rejoin them, became more and more desirous of discovering in what direction his route lay. But there was no track visible, at least by that uncertain and lessening light, the mazes of which could guide him to his home. He raised his silver-mouthed hagle to his lips, and winded a loud and sustained blast. A distant echo plaintively repeated the notes. The baron listened for other answer with the attention his situation required, but in vain. 'This will never do,' said he, casting the reins on his horse's neck: 'see, good Reinzaum, if thy wit can help thy master at this pinch; it has done so before now.' The animal seemed to understand and appreciate the confidence placed in him. Pricking up his before drooping ears, and uttering a wild neigh, he turned from the direction his rider had hitherto pursued, and commenced a new route, at an animated trot. For a while the path promised well; the narrow defile down which it lay, between rows of gigantic

larch and twisted oaks, seemed manifestly intended to conduct to some more extended opening. But on reaching its termination the horse suddenly stopped. The glimmering light that yet remained just enabled the baron to perceive the impervious enclosure of thickly planted trees, that surrounded the little natural amphitheatre at which he had arrived. 'This is worse and worse, Reinzaum,' exclaimed the disappointed rider, as he cast a disconsolate glance upwards. There was not a single star visible, to diminish the deep gloom in which the woods were enveloped. 'Guetiger himmel! that I should be lost in my own barony, and not a barelegged schelm to point out my road!' Weary of remaining in one spot, he rode round the enclosure in which he found himself thus unpleasantly placed. He repeated the same exercise, gazing wistfully on every side, though the darkness was now almost too great to discover to him the massy trunks under the branches of which he rode. At length he stopped suddenly. 'Is that a light?' said he inwardly, 'that glimmers through the—no, 'tis gone! Ach Gots! it comes again! If I could but reach it!' Again he winded his horn, and followed the blast with a most potent halloo. His labour was in vain; the light remained stationary. The baron began to swear. He had been educated at Wurtzburg, and for a Swabian swore in excellent German. He was perplexed whether to remain where he was, with this provoking light before him, and the probable chance of remaining all night in the woods; or to abandon his steed, and endeavour to penetrate through the trees to the spot whence the light issued. Neither of these alternatives was precisely to his liking. In the former case he must abide the cold air and damp mist till morning; in the other he incurred the risk of losing his steed, should he not be able to retrace his way to the spot. Indecision, however, was not the fault of his character; and, after a minute's hesitation, he sprung from his horse, fastened him to a tree, and began to explore the wood in the direction of the light. The difficulties he encountered were not few. The baron was a portly personage, and occasionally found some trouble in squeezing through interstices where a worse-famed man would have passed ungrazed. Briers and thorns were not wanting, and the marshy ground completed the catalogue of annoyances. The baron toiled and toiled, extricating first one leg and then the other from the deep entanglement in which each was by turns plunged, while the object of his attention seemed as distant as ever. His patience was exhausted. Many and emphatic were the figures of his inward rhetoric. Of one fact he became convinced,—that all the evil influences of the stars had this night conspired to concentrate their power on one unlucky wight, and that this wight was no other than the Baron von Kochenstein. But the baron was not a man to be easily diverted from his purpose; and he laboured on. His hands were bruised by the branches he had torn down when they

impeded his course; and the heat-drops on his brow, raised by his exertions, mixed with the chill and heavy night-dew that fell around him. At length a desperate effort, almost accompanied with the loss of his boots, placed him free from the morass through which he had waded. He stamped and shook his feet when on dry land, with the satisfaction that such a deliverance inspires. To add to his joy, he perceived that the light he had so painfully sought was not more than fifty ells distant. A moment or two brought him to the door of a low dwelling, overshadowed by a beetling, penthouse-like roof. As far as he could discern, the building was of considerable antiquity. The portal was of stone, and the same material composed the frames of the windows, which were placed far from the ground, and from which proceeded the light he had sought. Our huntsman lost little time in applying to the door, at first with a gentle knock, which being disregarded, increased to a thundering reverbation of blows. The gentle and the rude knocks were of equal avail. He desisted from his occupation to listen awhile, but not a sound met his ear. 'This is strange, by the mass!' said the baron: 'the house must be inhabited, else whence the light?' And though they slept like the seven sleepers, my blows must have aroused them. Let us try another mode—the merry horn must awaken them, if aught can move their sluggish natures.' And once more resorting to his bugle he sounded a *ré-veille*. A jolly cheering note it would have been at another time, but in the middle of the dull night it seemed most unfit. A screech owl's note would have harmonised better. 'I hear them now,' said he of the bugle, 'praised be the saints.' On this as on other occasions, however, the saints got more thanks than their due. An old raven, disturbed by the baron's notes, flapping her wings in flight, had deceived his ears. She was unseen in the congenial darkness, but her hoarse croakings filled the air as she flew. Irritated at the delay, the baron made a formal declaration of war. In as loud a voice as he could, he demanded entrance, and threatened, in default of accordance, to break open the door. A loud laugh, as from a dozen revellers, was the immediate reply. A piece of the trunk of a young tree lay near the baron; he took it up and dashed it with all his strength against the door. It was a mighty blow, but, though the very building shook before it, the strong gate yielded not. Before Kochenstein could repeat the attack, a hoarse voice, seemingly proceeding from one of the windows, greeted his ears. 'Be gone with thy noise,' it said, 'else I will loose the dog on thee.' 'I will break the hound's neck, and diminish his caiff master by the head, if thou open not the door this instant. What! is this the way to treat a benighted traveller? Open, I say, and quickly.' It seemed that the inmate was about to put his threat in execution, for the low, deep growl of a wolf-dog was the only answer to the baron's remonstrance. He drew his short hunting sword, and planted him-

self firmly before the door. He waited awhile, but all was silent. He had again recourse to his battering ram. The door resisted marvellously, but it became evident that it could not long withstand such a siege. As the strong oak cracked and groaned, the baron redoubled his efforts. At length the voice he had before heard, again accosted him. 'Come in, then, if thou wilt. Fool! to draw down thy fate on thee.' The bolts were undrawn. 'Lift up the latch.' The baron troubled not himself to inquire the meaning of the ominous words of the speaker, but obeyed the direction given, and entered. He found himself in a spacious apartment that appeared to comprise the whole tenement. He looked around for the foes he expected to meet, and started back with astonishment. The only occupant of the apartment was a lady, the rich elegance of whose dress would have attracted admiration, had not that feeling been engrossed by her personal loveliness. Her white silken garment clung to a form modelled to perfection, and was fastened at her waist by a diamond clasp of singular shape, for it represented a couchant stag. A similar ornament confined the long tresses of her hair, the jetty blackness of which was as perfect as the opposite hue of the brow they shaded. Her face was somewhat pale, and her features melancholy, but of exquisitely tender beauty. She arose, as the baron entered, from the velvet couch on which she was seated, and with a slight but courteous smile motioned him to a seat opposite to her own. A table was ready spread by its side, laden with refreshments. He explained the cause of his coming, and apologized with great fervency for his rude mode of demanding admission. 'You are welcome,' said the lady, again pointing to the vacant seat. Nothing could be more ordinary than these three words, but the sound of her voice thrilled through the hearer's sense into his soul. She resumed her seat, and Kochenstein took the place offered him. He gazed around, and was convinced, to his amazement, that they were alone. Whence then the voice with which he had held converse? and whence the uproarious laugh which had first assailed his hearing? There could not, he felt certain, be another chamber under that roof capable of containing such a number of laughers. The dog, too, whose savage growl had put him on his guard, where was he?—The baron was, however, too genuine a huntsman to suffer either surprise or admiration to prevent him from doing justice to the excellent meal before him, and to which his hostess invited him, declining, however, to partake with her guest. He ate and drank, therefore, postponing his meditations, except an anxious thought on the situation of his steed. 'Poor Reinzaum,' thought he, 'thou wilt suffer for my refreshment. A warm stable were fitter by far for thee than the midnight damps that chill thee.' And the baron looked with infinite satisfaction on the blazing hearth, the ruddy gleams of which almost eclipsed the softer light of the brilliant lamp that hung from the ceiling. As his appetite became satisfied, his curiosity revived. Once or twice as he raised his eyes he met the bright black ones of his entertainer. They were beautiful; yet, without knowing why, the baron shrunk from their glance. They had not the pensive softness of her features. The expression was one he could not divine, but would not admit that he feared. He filled his goblet, and in the most courteous terms drank the lady's health. She bowed her head in acknowledgment, and held to him a small golden cup richly chased. The baron filled it,—she drank to him, though but wet-

ting her lip with the liquor. She replaced the cup and rose from her seat. 'This room,' she said, must be your lodging for the night. Other I cannot offer you. Farewell.' The baron was about to speak. She interrupted him. 'I know what you would say,—yes, we shall meet again. Take this flower,' she added, breaking a rose from a wreath that twined among her hair in full bloom, though September had commenced, and the flowers of the gardens and the fields were long since dead—'take this flower. On the day that it fades you see me once more.' She opened a small door in the wainscoting, hitherto unseen by the baron, and closed it after her, before he could utter a word. The baron felt no disposition to sleep, and paced about the room revolving the events of the evening. The silence of the hour was favourable to such an employment, and the soft carpets that covered the floor prevented even his own footsteps from being heard. Wearied with his fruitless ruminations, he was beginning to relieve himself from his lonely want of occupation, by taking note more minutely than before of the handsome though antique furniture of the apartment, when his attention was claimed by the sounds of a harp. A few bars only had been played, when the music was sweetened by a voice the softest he had ever heard. The words of the song applied too strikingly to himself to escape his ear.

Wo to him whose footsteps rude
Break my fairy solitude!
Wo to him whose fated grasp
Dares undo my portal clasp!
Wo to him whose rash advance
Dooms him to my blighting glance!
In the greenwood shall he lie,
On the bloody heather die.

The voice and music ceased together, leaving the baron oppressed with unwonted fears. 'And I must see her again! would this rose would bloom for ever!' He seated himself, and ere long fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke, the ashes on the hearth were sparkless, and the morning, casting away her gray mantle, was beginning to dart her gayer beams through the narrow windows. He perceived, with surprise, that the door through which his hostess had retired was ajar, yet she was not in the apartment, and from the situation in which he had sat, she could not have passed through the door by which he had entered. He arose, and walked about with as much noise as he could make, with the object of apprising the lady of the dwelling that the wainscot door was open. After continuing this for a length of time, his curiosity increased. He ventured to look through the doorway. It opened only into a small closet, which was entirely empty. He had already witnessed too much to feel any great additional astonishment at this discovery. 'Besides,' said he to himself, 'her words spoke but of a meeting at a future day. Why therefore should I expect her now?'—He opened the entrance door, and found his horse, which he had left tied in the wood, ready for departure, and apparently in excellent condition. 'Woman or witch,' he exclaimed, 'I owe her a good turn for this—now, Reinzaum, keep up thy credit.' And springing on his horse's back, he pursued a track that seemed to lead in the direction he wished; and without aid of whip or spur was at Kochenstein in an hour. His first act was to place the rose in a vase of water. Day by day he visited it, and found its bloom unabated. Three months passed away without any visible alteration in the beauty of the flower. The baron became less sensible of the remembrances connected with it, and gazed on it with indifference. He

even displayed it to the inmates of his castle, and among others to his only daughter, the death of whose mother had left Kochenstein a widower. Frederica was in her seventh year, and within a few days of its completion. To her earnest entreaties for the flower, her father promised it should be hers on her birthday. The child was overjoyed at the idea of a present, to which much importance was attached in her eyes, for the ever-blooming rose was the talk of the whole castle; and every human creature in it, except its lord, offered many conjectures respecting the flower, all very ingenious, and all very absurd. On the morning of his daughter's birthday the rose was dead. The Baron von Kochenstein, though a man of courage and thirty-two quarters, changed colour when he beheld the faded flower. Without speaking a word, he mounted Reinzaum, and galloped off at the rate of four German miles an hour. He had ridden some half hour, when he saw before him a stag, the finest he had ever beheld. It was prancing on the frosty ground, and throwing aloft its many-tined antlers, in proud disdain of the meaner brutes of the earth. At the approach of the baron it fled. In pure distraction of spirits, and in that dread of his own thoughts which prompts a man to any thing to avoid himself, Kochenstein pursued, though unattended by a single hound. The stag seemed wind-footed. Reinzaum followed like a noble horse as he was. Through glade and copse, over hill and plain, the baron chased the lordly stag. At length it abated its speed near the side of a transparent pool, in the midst of which a fountain threw up its beautiful column of waters. The stag halted, and turned to gaze on its pursuer. For the first time, Kochenstein applied his spur to the quivering flank of his steed, and grasped his hunting sword. A moment brought him to the side of the quarry: ere another had elapsed, a stroke from its branching antlers brought him to the ground. The steed fled in dismay. In vain did Kochenstein endeavour to avert his impending fate. With all the strength of terror he grasped the left horn of the stag, as it bended against its prostrate victim. The struggle was but for an instant, and a branch of the other antler pierced the baron's side. No sooner was the stroke inflicted, than the rage which had possessed the stag seemed wholly abated. It offered not to trample on the defenceless man, or to repeat the blow. Gazing awhile on its work, it turned away, plunged into the waters of the fountain, and was lost from sight in the overwhelming flood. Enfeebled as he was, for the blood gushed in torrents from his side, the baron half raised himself up to look on the closing waters. Something in the stag's gaze awoke associations that carried his mind back to the events of a few months ago. While he gazed on the fountain, the column of its jet divided, then sunk, and ceased to play. A figure appeared from the midst. It glided across the pool, and approached the baron. A lady stood beside him. She was clad in robes of white, and her head was girt with a wreath of faded flowers. Her left brow was spotted with recent blood. The baron shuddered at her glance, still more at her voice, for he knew too well the soft tone in which she sang these lines:

To my plighted promise true,
Once again I meet thy view!
Now my garland's roses fade,
And thy rashness' debt is paid.
Sad the fate, and dark the doom,
That led thee to my secret home;
In the greenwood thou art lying,
On the bloody heather dying!

The last sounds mingled with the rush of the fountain as it rose again, when, retreating on the waters, the songstress sank into their embrace. Her last notes had fallen on the ears of the baron. The rush of the waters was unheard by him; for when the song ceased, he was no more."

And if the following poems are not gems, what is poetry?

"The Night of the Neckar."

Neckar, night is on thy stream,
Have the stars forgot to gleam?
'Tis the purple month of June,
Where has twilight fled so soon?
Never was a deeper shade
On thy wave by winter laid.

And the breeze that now was clinging
To thy flowers eternal springing;
And the sounds that on it stole,
Lulling all the sense, the soul:
Where are they? Dark, chill, and strong,
Sweeps the sudden gale along.

Neckar, thy pellucid wave
Loved these blossomed banks to lave;
Lingering, like an infant's play,
On its joyous summer way.
Now that smooth and silver tide
Bursts a torrent wild and wide.

Hark! a fearful melody!
Swells it from the earth or sky?
Like the sounds of troubled sleep,
Joy might at its anguish weep:
Yet, as rolls its wondrous flow,
Mirth might mingle with the wo.

Now upon the waters dance
Flashes of the helm and lance:
Now emerging shapes are seen,
Robed in silk and jewell'd sheen;
Proudly followed, on the tide
Walk a chieftain and his bride.

And upon the river's breast
Seems a mighty pile to rest,
Rich with sculptures old and quaint,
Gilded martyr, marble saint;
While beneath its copings dim,
Sounds of holy chanting swim.

See! a gleam above them plays;
Now it roddens to a blaze:
From the altar where they kneel
Bursts a sudden clash of steel.
Hark! the wild, soul-piercing cry
Lips can give but once, and die!

All is still'd! In blood and ashes,
Seen across the sinking flashes,
Leaning on his sabre bare,
Stands a figure of despair.
He who fired that holy hall:
Now he has his vengeance—all!

What is reeking by his side?
Ashes, that were once a pride?
What is blackening on the floor?
'Tis a brother's bosom gore!
Terrors on his vision rise;
Murderer! thou hast had thy prize!

As decays the final spark,
Forms are flashing through the dark,
Shapes of giant fang and limb.
Down he sinks, and all is dim.
He is gone! that parting ban
Never came from mortal man!

Ever, till the endless night,
Shall the lost one wing his flight;
Forced in tenfold pang to gaze
On the pomp, the beauty, the blaze,
At the hour the deed was done,
Neckar, while thy stream shall run!"

"Written in a copy of Lalla Rookh."

With wishes fond, and vows that burn,
I bless the gift I send to thee;
The happy leaves thy hand shall turn,
The happy lines thine eyes shall see:
Each little gift is a link,
More closely sever'd hearts to bind;
And this may lead thy soul to think
Of him that it hath left behind.

Oh! when thou dwellest upon the page,
To chase away some idle hour,
And thoughts of love and truth engage,
Express'd with all the poet's power:
While round these fairy fiction weaves
The veil, oh! spare one thought to me;
Think that my spirit, mid the leaves,
Breathes through the poet's words to thee!"

"The Danish Warrior's Death Song."

Away, away! your care is vain;
No leech could aid me now;
The chill of death is at my heart,
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
Within a warrior's eyes:
Away! how can ye weep for him
Who in the battle dies?

If I had died with idle head
Upon my lady's knee—
Had Fate stood by my silken bed,
Then might ye weep for me.

But I lie on my own proud deck
Before the sea and sky;
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
Another droops below:
Well with my heart's best blood is paid
Such purchase from a foe.

Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells
A fair-haired boy of mine;
Give him my sword, while yet the blood
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him that only other blood
Should wash such stains away;
And if he be his father's child,
There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!
Now fling me on the wave;
One cup of wine, and one of blood,
Pour on my bounding grave."

Among the comic tales, *Love in a Mist*, *Double or Quits*, and *Kalb Waschel and the Wasp*, are excellent; the *False One*, a very sweet story, founded on a most romantic incident in Hindoo history; and altogether, though some few of the writers may bless their incognito, the generality of the pages contain what any one might be proud to acknowledge.

Conversations on the Animal Economy. By a Physician. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THE intention of this work is to convey that general information relative to the structure and functions of the animal body which is but rarely possessed even by the best-educated persons; and the author has succeeded in communicating a great degree of interest to the subject. The *Conversations on the Animal Economy* are dedicated to the author of the *Conversations on Chemistry*, and possess much of the spirit of that admirable performance which has been so long and deservedly a favourite with the public. They go much further than Archdeacon Paley's plan allowed him to go, in laying open the nature of the animal body; and like the *Natural Theology* of that distinguished divine, they point out, with force and perspicuity, many of the numerous instances of admirable contrivance and beautiful adaptation, of which it affords such interesting examples. The aim of the author has been, as just remarked, to give correct and intelligible general ideas of structure and function, and to avoid those long and dry details which, though necessary, to a certain degree, in regular professional disquisitions, would be fatiguing and repulsive in a work intended for readers of every intelligent order. According to the plan, we are to suppose the author employing a part of his leisure in communicating such information as we have alluded to, in an easy conversational way, to a son and two daughters.

The first conversation is on the subject of the integuments, in which he explains the structure of the skin; the circumstances on which its colour, and that of the hair, depends; together with the nature of hair, feathers, nails, horns, and antlers. He takes occasion to advert to the peculiarities which constitute white negroes and albinos; to notice the various nature of the skin, and of the organs of touch, with which nature has endowed different animals; and to give some interesting details of the employment of skin in the formation of the various kinds of leather; of the hoofs,

horns, and ears of animals, in the fabrication of glue; and of the air-bladders and entrails of certain fish in that of isinglass.

In the second and third conversations, the author gives an account of the *division of animals* which is adopted by Linnæus, and of that also which is employed by Cuvier; and enters into many interesting details relative to the varieties of mankind, and the effects of climate and external circumstances in producing them. He examines the five families of the human race; the *Caucasian*, or *European*; the *Mongolian*, or *Tartar*; the *Ethiopian*, or *Negro*; the *American*; and the *Malay*; and gives very illustrative sketches of the various shapes of the skull in each of these divisions. He considers the facial line and angle of Camper, and mentions many curious examples of the perpetuation of accidental varieties in animals, particularly of the Ankon breed of sheep in America; and of the Sedigiti and porcupine family in Europe, (a family of the name of Lambert, who have an extraordinary peculiarity of skin.)

In the fourth conversation the author treats of the *bones*, &c. He mentions the mode in which the formation of bone takes place, and the natural process by which a fractured bone is repaired; and has occasion to notice a beautiful process which nature adopts for the purpose of keeping the body in a constant state of aptitude for its various functions.

"I have already," says he, "stated to you generally, that the body is supported by circulating vessels, which carry blood over every part of the body, and bring it back to the heart! Together with blood-vessels, there are also vessels which are termed *absorbents*, from their powers of absorbing, or taking up; and by means of their action, a continual removal of parts takes place, which have been formed by the operations of the circulating and secreting systems. These absorbent vessels arise in every part of the body: and by the operation which they exercise on the one hand, owing to which the most solid parts are continually taken up, and by the agency of the secreting vessels on the other, which are continually depositing from the blood, and more remotely from food taken into the body, the substances of which the various organs consist, there is a continual process, uninterruptedly going on, of renovation and change of parts, by means of which nature not only provides for the proper materials of animal structure, but for their being kept in a state of health and vigour. There is no period at which the absorbents are not at work, and removing the old materials, while the secreting vessels are renewing them, so as to keep the whole machine in continual order. Nature is thus in constant activity, and in constant change.

"*Charles*.—This is really very wonderful; but does it not seem to be rather an unnecessary process, to build up, as it were, for the mere purpose of pulling down, just as if an architect, after finishing a building, should set to work, curiously to remove stone after stone, with no other apparent view than to supply, with the same material, the part which may have been removed?

"*Dr. A.*—The works of the architect, owing to the perishable nature of his materials, are liable to be continually affected by weather, and all kinds of accidents from without. He is therefore under the necessity of frequently going into a system of regular repair, by renewing what is defective, strengthening what is weak, and taking down, in order to build up with additional firmness. But with nature,

the operations of consolidation and repair are simultaneous; for the process of renewal goes on so nicely, in the most inward recesses of the body, as to leave no part without a continual circulation of new matter, and therefore of renovated strength and vigour, as long as the period of vigour is intended to continue. Absorption likewise provides for the growth of the body; for if nourishment merely furnished support, parts could acquire no additional magnitude, but would remain of the same size that they had originally. As absorption and nourishment, however, go on together, there is a continual means of increase afforded, while the necessity of increase continues; and this process puts at an infinite distance every thing of human invention or power. If an architect wishes to enlarge a room or a house, he must make an actual augmentation of feet or inches to the work already existing; if a machine is to be increased in size, its various parts must be taken to pieces, augmented, and strengthened, before it can be fitted for the additional work which it is intended to perform. The operation in the mean time is stopped: but in the works of nature there is no cessation, no period of halting or shutting up for repair; every process is simultaneous; and thus are not only nourishment and growth provided for, but also the removal of every thing which may be injurious or inconvenient."

The fifth and sixth conversations are occupied with a consideration of the *muscles*, when the principal circumstances relative to muscular action are pointed out and explained, with references to appropriate diagrams.

Man has above 500 muscles, for the purpose of performing the various movements which he has occasion to make; but this number, great as it is, is exceeded by what some animals possess; for the caterpillar of the cossus has, as the celebrated naturalist Lyonnet states, above 4000 muscles in the different parts of its minute body.

In the conversations on the muscles, the author gives a delineation of the muscles of the face, and an interesting account of the characteristics of the various passions of the mind, as depicted in the countenance.

The seventh and eighth conversations contain an account of the *brain and nervous system*, in which cranialogy, *alias* phrenology, is treated (though in sport) with far too much consideration.

The extraordinary power of reproduction which many of the lower animals possess is here noticed, not only in lobsters and crabs, which recover their claws on losing them, but in various other animals, to a much greater extent.

"The lower we go," says the author, "in the scale of creation, the more surprising is the reproductive faculty. How liable is the earthworm to be injured by the unconscious gardener; but the injury, so far from diminishing animal life, increases it; for each portion into which the animal may be divided by the spade becomes a separate creature, having a separate system of parts speedily regenerated. The head of the common snail, with its four horns, has been satisfactorily ascertained to be renewed in the course of six months; and in an animal of a more complicated structure, the water-newt (*the lacerta palustris*), a complete eye was reformed in the course of ten months, with all its various parts. The star-fish and anemone may have their tentacula removed, and they are speedily replaced; and if these animals are divided, two or more distinct animals are the consequence. But the fresh-water polype affords the most extraordinary example of any

known of this wonderful power: for in whatever way it may be cut or divided, each part becomes, in a few days, a separate animal, capable of all the functions of its parent. This animal is of a soft nature, like a common snail. It adheres by one end, like a sucker, to water plants and other substances; and the other end, which is the head, is surrounded by many little arms or feeders, which seize and bring to the mouth, around which they are placed like radii, minute worms and water insects."

The organs of sense, namely, *smell, taste, vision, hearing, and touch*, occupy the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth conversations, in which the principal facts relative to these important functions are brought forward; and some very interesting cases stated, to illustrate the various modes in which the loss of one or other particular sense is compensated. In the conversation on vision, a plate is given to exemplify the curious and important observation of Dr. Wollaston, relative to the direction of the eyes in a portrait. He found, that if a pair of eyes be drawn with correctness, looking at the spectator, unless some touch be added, to suggest the turn of the countenance, the direction of the eyes seems vague, and so undetermined, that it will not appear the same to all persons. If, to such eyes, particular features be appended, they may be made to appear directed, either to him or from him, in a manner perfectly unexpected. Dr. Wollaston, therefore, infers, that as, in the portraits of eyes, we judge of the direction by the concurrent position of the entire face, we do the same with regard to the eyes of living persons.

The fourteenth conversation is on the preparation of the food, and gives a particular account of the nature and formation of the teeth. The fifteenth is on digestion.

In the carnivorous animals, and those, as man, which employ mixed food, the stomach is of the most simple description. In the granivorous, as the ox, sheep, camel, &c., there are several stomachs, into which the food successively passes, after having been brought up and rechewed, before it is fitted to pass on and nourish the body. Important differences likewise exist between the stomachs of birds which live on flesh, and those which live on vegetable matter; the former having simple membranous stomachs, like the carnivorous animals; the latter, gizzards, which grind the food, and prepare it for the action of the gastric juice, that peculiar secretion on which the digestion of the food more immediately depends.

In the sixteenth conversation, the digested aliment is pursued through the various changes which it undergoes, up to its mixture with the mass of blood. The seventeenth gives an account of the heart and blood-vessels: but as the blood is not, at the commencement of the circulating system, completely fitted for nourishing, there is a peculiar change to which it is subjected in the lungs, by means of *respiration*; the description of which occupies the eighteenth conversation. In this is likewise contained an account of the mode in which a similar change takes place in such animals as fish, which have no lungs.

The nineteenth dialogue is occupied with the consideration of the various phenomena of *animal heat*, and the singular power which the bodies of all animals have of producing it, to a greater or less extent, according as they happen to be warm-blooded or cold-blooded.

The twentieth and last conversation is on the subject of *growth and decay*, in which the author notices sleep and dreaming, longevity,

and the circumstances under which great increase or reduction of bulk may take place. We shall take leave of these amusing and instructive volumes by giving the very appropriate concluding sentences of the last conversation:—

"But after all the exertions of the best regulated and the most useful life," says the author; "after nature has availed herself of her numerous resources to preserve health, and to keep off disease; after all those curious compensations and adaptations which the study of our frame lays open, have been called into repeated operation; there is, most surely and inevitably, whether at the usual period of old age, or at that more extended limit of existence, which a very few only are destined to attain, a failure of the powers connected with life. The bodily organs are unable to carry on their functions; they become inanimate matter; are decomposed into their original elements; revive again in new shapes, in plants, and animals; and in this way, assist in the continuance of those series of existences, which were commenced by the fiat of the Deity, and are continued by the laws to which he has given origin. The principle of life is wholly unknown to us. We cannot detect, by the nicest powers of human discrimination, the circumstances on which depend the difference between a living body, in the fulness of health and beauty, where an ample and interesting series of active operations is uninterruptedly, and to all appearance spontaneously, going on; and the same body, a mass of lifeless matter, subject alone to the laws which inanimate substances are made to obey. But if the nature of vitality, of that principle which is common to the whole animal, and in some measure to the vegetable kingdom, is concealed from us by an impenetrable veil, still more is that of the sublime and immortal part of our constitution, which approximates man to the Author of his existence, and fits him for contemplating the wisdom, the beauty, and the harmony of those operations which are continually going on around him."

There is, we may fairly say in finishing this notice, neither age nor sex that will not reap much instruction from these excellent volumes.

The Tale of a Modern Genius; or, the Miseries of Parnassus. In a Series of Letters. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1827. Andrews.

THIS publication, partly romantic, partly antiquarian, partly poetical, and partly real, cannot be dealt with in singleness of criticism; and must be a task of no remarkable facility to the reviewer who wishes to do its various features justice. Our view of it shall be chiefly directed to the most important of the four branches: for the romance and antiquities we deem to be rather out of keeping; and even the poetry (though like the romance, characteristic of the writer's feelings—and like the antiquities, characteristic of his propensities), is, in our opinion, more of an interruption than an illustration of the story of his life.

We are not inclined, in this instance, to say that the self assumption of the title of "a Modern Genius" is ill advised; nor to blame the idle signature of "Sylvaticus" to the letters: but we think Mr. Pennie would have done better to have placed his own name on the page, since he has given so certain a clue to it in every circumstance which he relates. The mystery is only worth notice, perhaps, as it indicates the rock on which he has split in his voyage hitherto,—an overweening egotism, which, though warranted to a certain extent by very considerable talent, injured the indi-

vidual, in consequence of his not being otherwise in a condition to uphold the proud system, and not being in a humour to make reasonable allowances for the notions, prejudices, and actions of those with whom he happened to come into contact. Even a just conviction of our own powers,—even a pardonable vanity in the consciousness of our own superiority,—are dangerous symptoms to exhibit to the world in the midst of success and prosperity;—in misfortune and poverty they will not be tolerated. These bring you still more into collision with groundling ignorance and vulgarity; and when we see how little sympathy intelligence and refinement shew for high pretensions, can we wonder that in lower grades, disputes, bickerings, mortifications, disappointments, and insults, punish the indulgence of a similar spirit?

That Mr. Pennie has not met with the public notice and encouragement to which his merits as a poet entitle him, we are strongly inclined to believe; but he himself must admit, that in sharing this not singular fate of genius, some of the evil may be attributed to his own circumstances and conduct. Let him look at the matter abstractedly from his own sense of deserving and his own sufferings; and he must acknowledge, that there are many excuses to be offered for those who did not instantly recognise and appreciate his claims, or continue to patronise him. We mean no disparagement to him when we observe, that a strolling player addressing A, B, or C, who had never heard of him before, with the MS. of an epic poem, is, *primâ facie*, a person of doubt. He may be a Homer or a Milton; but men have all their own affairs to attend to, and are unable to afford due examination to every candidate who submits his case to their judgment. But it does not follow that they are to be charged with want of humanity, with stupidity, with uncharitableness, and with arrogance. Cherishing the very best intentions, no individual can satisfy all the expectations formed of him: the whole period of life, especially of active and busy life which has to care and provide for itself, is insufficient for the discharge of a tithe of the duties imposed upon it. Before accusing persons of neglect and hard-heartedness, we ought, therefore, to endeavour to put ourselves into their position for a while; and we should then not harshly call one a Dives, because he refused to leave his dinner to listen to our griefs,—another a fool, because he did not relish our compositions so much as he ought,—and a third a Pharisee, because he could not see us when we called upon him. All these conclusions as to character may be true; but they are quite as likely to be erroneous. The old proverb speaks wisely, when it tells that nobody knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer;—the dinner-giver might be a beggar, the censurer a pseudo-critic, and the Pharisee overwhelmed with distress.

Now these loose reflections are not thrown out for the use of the present writer alone: we are aware of the *irritable* nature of genius; but even genius must submit to rules: or the disorders introduced into society by the lawless pretensions of every man who fancied he had something in him to form an exception to the general discipline of his species, would lead to wonderful confusion and horrible nuisances. If Mr. Pennie, instead of drawing inferences from his own hard and unhappy fate, had met with as many sturdy assertors of a right to similar immunities as we have done, he would have begun to doubt the propriety of calling all those unfeeling or senseless who did not meet

his distresses, or sanction his literary efforts, in the way he expected. His judgment on these points appears to us to be sadly mistaken; but let us, at the same time state, that his warmth of gratitude and honourable emotion when he met with favour, display a sensitive and virtuous heart. It is much to be lamented, that such a man should have been, and be, left to pine in penury; but still, when we look at the whole course of his history, we are not at all astonished that such is the case. His introduction to the world was of the worst kind; he was never long enough in any place to make a friend (even in the modern sense of the word); and he never was independent for an hour. If an archangel, instead of a mortal, sought success, admirers, and friends, under such auspices, we can tell Mr. Pennie that the archangel would very soon be voted a poor, ignorant, stupid fellow, and shunned accordingly. Nor is there any thing very extraordinary in this: as human nature is constituted, self-preservation is the first law; and the bounds of self-preservation are very difficult to define in civilised life. Ask some very respectable, worthy man, of unblemished character, and rather reputed a good sort of man—ask him to lend you half-a-crown; and on the moment you bring the strong instinct into play. He has lent thrice half-crowns before; and if he lends every body who asks him half-crowns, he must speedily be a beggar. He is therefore extremely sorry that he cannot oblige you; but really, &c. &c. This principle, though slightly illustrated, Mr. Pennie may depend upon it (there may be exceptions of high and generous minds), pervades the social frame of at least our busy and commercial nation: a few paltry hundred pounds are sufficient to dissolve the most pleasurable ties; and tens of thousands of connexions, which would render life delightful, are dissolved every year by the dread which wealth has of want, and comparative affluence of even temporary need. The nearest relations are dissociated, if not upon something of an equality in circumstances; if there is not a possible *quid pro quo*, the dearest worldly friendships are as flaxen ligatures in the midst of flame:—how, then, could a miserable stranger hope to find sympathy in every breast, or regard in any quarter? Looking around us, we would say, the fool;—he was lucky in finding what he did, though always left to struggle, and occasionally left to starve.

Born in a remote part of the country (Cornwall), very little indebted to education, Mr. Pennie (we adopt his narrative) very early displayed those aspirations which are indicative of genius, though often not its certain precursors. In him, we are free to confess our opinion, they gave promise of intellect and imagination, which only needed a genial climate to ripen into distinction. Having written a play, he is induced by a *likely* patron, (a Lieutenant of a telegraph station, who has prodigious influence with the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden!) to try his (mis-)fortunes in London; is, of course, rather disappointed, and goes home again. His next *début* is to be third clerk to a Bristol attorney, (no offence! for attorneys at Bristol may be quite as honest, *cetera*, as any of the hundred and ninety-seven admitted this term for the good of the Capital,) but he loses his place in two months, in consequence of susceptibility. The attorney's niece entrusts him (some few days after his taking office) with her confidence, videlicet, that she loves a young and handsome officer better than a little fat old Welsh counsellor; and as he is induced to promote their interview,

by conveying a letter secretly, the special attorney, his master, considers him unworthy of a retainer. The next marked incident is a poem on Buonaparte's threatened invasion, which, though it raised the writer's hopes, it may readily be conceived, did not mend his circumstances. His tragedy, meanwhile, being assigned to the fostering protection of one Mr. Williams, of Covent Garden Theatre, is lost, and never heard of more; no question, a very painful thing to a provincial author, but assuredly not a thing which any man of common information in London could account surprising. As the play is gone, the writer tries his luck as a player, and relates his adventures with several strolling companies, which he rather caricatures; and in one place shews a want of good taste in his colouring of a farmer's daughter's vulgarity. The subjoined anecdote may, however, vary our analysis in this part.

"A Miss Seymour the other night playing the Countess in *the Stranger*, when Mrs. Haller, inquired if she had never heard of the Countess Walburg, instead of giving the author's words, 'I have heard of such a wretch at a neighbouring court; she left her husband, and fled with a villain,'—replied, 'I think I have heard of such a wretch, at a neighbour's house; she left her husband, and ran away with a blackguard.' The same actress, in the part of Agatha Friburg, when Anhalt told her he had been in search of her, exclaimed, 'I know who has employed you, know who has sent this purse. 'Tis Baron Wilderness, — [Wildenham,] — but tell him my honour never yet was put up to auction,' instead of 'never yet was saleable.' And in the scene with Frederick, her son, she said of the baron, 'He was in my eyes a progeny,' for 'prodigy.' Mrs. Young vociferating in the part of Angela, in *the Castle Spectre*, on Monday night, for 'Percy, the pride of our English youths, waits for me at the Conway's side,'—exclaimed, 'Percy, the prince of goodfellows, waits for me at the Conder's side.'"

Not prospering on the stage, our author, by a singular piece of romantic incident, gets to Malta; but here also ill-luck pursues him, and he returns to England, and re-commences stroller;—in which lucrative profession he marries a wife, whose history is also romantic; but who appears to be a most amiable and deserving being. Tracing from point to point, our next mark is the birth of a son; and after that, the hapless father, in London, tempted (for an hour only) to try the horrid fate of a gambler. His better feelings immediately revolt at this unworthy practice; and we have him again stroller manager, involved in scenic quarrels and all the real miseries of mimic life. In the midst of these harrassing events and troubles, it is a strong proof of mind and energy that he produces an epic poem, *the Royal Minstrel*, possessed of no common attributes, and, all considered, a composition which ought to have smoothed his future days with public notice, employment, and competency. Why it did not, we can hardly tell; we partly blame the patrons of literature, and partly the author,—and partly ascribe it to his ever-unfortunate circumstances: the difference between being able to wait the chance, and being obliged to importune them, is incalculable. Poor Pennie's complaints are touching. He writes to a friend, an artist:

"I tremble for you, when I consider the difficulties you have to encounter. Even to delineate a good outline, the first simple though most useful principle in your art, if you would

obtain accuracy and striking expression, requires continual study and practice. Then to bid the canvass glow with historic tales of other ages; to paint manners, customs, passions, and high heroic deeds of kings, and saints, and gods, that shall silently speak to the heart with irresistible force and truth, winning in reply the ready acclamations of wonder, applause, and delight, from every beholder, how pleasing,—but ah, how difficult! And should you, even after all you have done, and ten thousand times more that you must yet perform, reach to a high degree of perfection, what is your reward? Why, to gratify English taste, generosity, and tender feeling, you have only one thing more to do,—and that is to die in indigence, obscurity, and misery;—for who would put up the picture of a living English artist in their galleries? Alas! in painting your picture, I have but too forcibly drawn my own. Where shall we look for consolation?"

Another tragedy is written—refused at the Haymarket and elsewhere, but acted once or twice in the country. At length, however, his epic is published,—is even reviewed with commendations in the *Literary Gazette*; but does not sell sufficiently to repay the heavy expense. To compensate for this neglect, the unfriended bard perambulates the country to vend the copies, with various fortunes,—he meets with kindness and purchasers, with repulses and contumely. The endeavours to dispose of his MSS. to several booksellers are described with considerable asperity; and the hackneyed topic of the illiberality of publishers is dwelt upon with feelings inspired by disappointment. This is pardonable; but the subject is important enough to deserve a few remarks.

The question between authors and publishers is seldom fairly put: it is generally an *ex-parte* statement by the former; and many of the latter have been ruined, while they were accused of being the arrantest skin-flints in the universe. But it is ridiculous to expect from a publisher more than from any other tradesman or person who embarks his capital in business,—that he will, out of pure generosity, make bargains which he foresees can never pay him, run risks which he thinks must be losses, or play the part of Timon to every destitute author who applies to him. Like a grocer, or a baker, or a broker, the publisher is in trade for the sake of making money: shew him a prospect of getting his usual ten, twenty, fifty, or cents per cent, and he is your faithful ally. Let him believe that the speculation will not answer, and on what common principle of action in the mercantile world can you imagine it probable that he will become so? All that ought to be expected is, that being engaged in a branch of commerce which is elevated by its nature above the mere mechanical arts, he may be wisely inclined to encourage the productive powers which constitute his staple; and where he may have reaped a rich harvest, have policy, if not generosity enough, not to impoverish the field by cropping it to the utmost, without rewarding the labourer or improving the soil. None of Mr. Pennie's books, though possessed of much talent, were of a kind to be popular; and it was therefore a natural consequence that most publishers should decline the charge of them. For this they do not merit harsh names. We remember that Messrs. Pinnoke and Maunder did ample justice to the Royal Minstrel; and we certainly regret that its success has not been more commensurate with its deserts. Yet, discouraged as he has been, we observe that the author has written another epic, and many other works of the highest class

in literature. His poetry, unequal in many respects, displays much energy; and it is impossible not deeply to pity the wretchedness to which a man, capable of such efforts, has been (no matter for the causes) exposed. That noble institution, the Literary Fund, has, we notice, relieved him more than once; but it is to be wished, that a permanent and comfortable means of subsistence could be devised for this unhappy child of adversity and song. His mistakes and wanderings have been venial—his sufferings great; he possesses abilities which in other times would have led to honour and fortune; and it is melancholy to hear from him these accents of despair:

"You have now (says the last letter in these volumes) received from me, in the course of a long-continued correspondence, a great number of letters, containing most of the principal leading events of my story;—and a long tedious tale of misery and perpetual disappointment has it been to me. How often have I hoped, and felt but too confident, as fresh and surprising prospects broke upon me, and new friends were raised up, who, pitying my situation, strenuously endeavoured to serve me and turn the tide of relentless fortune, that all my troubles were past; that permanent comfort, peace, and happiness, would shine forth like the evening sun after a day of darkness and storms, and all be tranquillity and brightness to the close! But I have no longer a hope left, that there can be any substantial comfort or happiness in this life reserved for me. Every new expectation has been blighted in the bud—every prospect that seemed to dawn upon me in light and beauty has been quickly overcast with thick clouds of darkness and cruel disappointment!"

This is followed by some not altogether justifiable reflections upon the rich, and proud, and careless, &c.; and the afflicted poet proceeds:

"Situated as I ever have been, and still am to this hour, I cannot cease to feel, and keenly feel, the treatment I have experienced; and to you I must vent my woes—for I seem, Frank, to have outlived hope itself. This world is all a blank to me, and the grave is the only retreat I look to for the sweet period of my sufferings. Yet such has been the wonderful Providence,—and I am sure you cannot fail to have remarked it,—which has been exercised towards me through all my eventful pilgrimage, that I trust the darkness of complete despair will never overshadow me again.

"My misfortunes have always been, alas for me! but too real: my complainings have not arisen from a morbid, nervous irritability; my wants have neither been imaginary nor artificial, nor my sorrows fictitious or ideal. In stating thus much, I am not desirous of attracting undue sympathy from the benevolent; and harbour no thought of extorting something at last like notice and compassion from those persons called reviewers. There was a time, indeed, when at the sight of a review my heart would leap with hope and fear; there was a time when it was in the power of a critic to have poured a flood of unutterable delight and glory over the darkness of my path, and made me feel towards him as an Indian towards his sun-god in the season of abundance or the joyous hour of victory; not by flattery,—for that I had not the means wherewith to purchase,—but by an honest and candid discharge of his duty, self-enjoined on him, and due to me and the public for whom he professed to be a literary caterer. But that is past. I am soured, disgusted, misanthropic! The de-

struction of all my hopes has rendered me callous as the nether millstone! I neither court applause, nor heed the utmost severity. I am buried deep in the grave of disappointment; and those who should have kindly led me into light and hope have heaped oblivion on the ashes of my genius. It cannot blaze again.

'Neglect has done its worst:

Nothing can touch me further.'

My spirits are destroyed, my health impaired, and my expectations blasted; while the future is all darkness, save that guiding beam of Providence which points to another and a brighter orb, where the tears of misery are wiped away, and the day of eternal joy succeeds to the gloom and bitterness of the long and wintry night of life."

What errors appear here ought to be ascribed to the bitterness of disappointment,—and then we trust the appeal to the benevolent, though disowned by the writer, will not be made in vain.

Vicissitudes in the Life of a Scottish Soldier.

Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

THAT a Scottish soldier wrote this book, we doubt; that one furnished the *matériel*, we doubt not. The popularity of a number of performances of the same class has probably led to its publication; and though the interest in such productions is considerably diminished, it may have its brief and limited day among the ephemera of the press. The hero of his own tale is a private in the gallant 71st regiment, and the story of his privations and services is laid chiefly in the Peninsula. A very silly preface appeals to it as a criterion by which to judge of the commanders in the war; as if private A. B. were perfect authority on such points. This is editorial puff and nonsense. The only parts of the volume worth a straw are the accounts of a common soldier's individual adventures. These, if more detailed, instead of stuffing the pages with ridiculous opinions, would have rendered the volume of infinitely greater attraction; and spirited characteristic notices of the way in which provisions were obtained, billets enforced, personal disappointments endured, &c. &c., are the only recommendation of these *Vicissitudes*. The book-making reflections superadded are but blots. One example will serve to exhibit the character of the book as well as a hundred.

"Continuing our march through the north of Portugal, we began to observe that the country was getting more and more barren, and that every house was in a state of beastly filth. Happening to be billeted on a house along with some others, its loathsome Angean-stable-like appearance had nearly saved the inmates the trouble of entertaining us; however, concealing our disgust as much as possible, in the same manner as the wolf did in the ape's den, we entered. Stepping towards the fire-place to dress our victuals, the black ferocious-looking landlord called to us not to set our feet upon his mother: astonished at this warning, no person being apparently in sight of that description, we looked round more particularly, and discovered something in the form of a human being lying crumpled up in the corner of the ash-pit, which was a step lower than the floor: it was with great difficulty we could believe that it was one of our own species before our eyes, she actually being little larger than a full-grown hen! The host told us that she had lain for upwards of thirty years in the ash-pit, nearly in the same posi-

tion; age, therefore, not a dwarfish nature, had reduced the creature to a diminutive size, and the strange attitude undoubtedly had materially helped to effect the same. After this time, having no wish to intrude on the privacy of such people, we went out of doors and looked. Arriving at the village of Salorica, some of the men went out secretly to 'search the ground,' as it was called:—this practice had of late become very common, although disapproved by strict commands to the contrary; but, with regard to this party, they had not searched long till they came upon a jar:—thinking, of course, that it would, without doubt, contain money, the sages unanimously agreed not to lift the treasure till the shades of night should allow them to do so with more security. Marking the place therefore, they returned, planning likely as much future happiness as the barber's brother in the Arabian Nights. The discovery was too important, however, to allow them to be mute; through this means an additional partner to the enterprise was obtained. It seems that a sergeant, remarkable in the regiment only for his low cunning, had overheard their golden discourse; and no sooner had the treasure-seekers sallied forth, at the time agreed on, than he followed on tiptoe, taking the utmost care not to disturb them until the precious jar was disinterred, and fully exposed to the greedy gaze of their wondering eyes,—then indeed he stepped forward, with a benevolent smile on his countenance, and modestly claimed only two or three shares of what was found. The party were at first rather disconcerted at the unexpected honour of a visit from a non-commissioned officer on such an errand; but considering that there still would be enough to make them all, they bore up under the misfortune with some equanimity. But who can describe their sensations when the jar was uncorked, to find that it only contained some fine olive-oil:—perhaps the tearing of hair, the gnashing of teeth, and cursing the hour of their birth, did not ensue,—but the woe of the horror-struck crew was great. Envious fortune, however, had not yet expended her quiver of misfortunes,—as, at the very time they thought their misery was wound up to the highest pitch, they were suddenly surprised and taken prisoners, by a sergeant who had orders to look out for all 'progers.' The cunning sergeant was disgraced for this offence, by being reduced to the ranks, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence. One of the excuses was, that he was not of the party; but this defence did not pass, so he found he had over-reached himself for once. In the course of this march we had another example of villanous hypocrisy,—a sergeant having very officiously found fault with a man for pilfering a little flour from a Portuguese family: he lectured the culprit in the severest terms, upon the heinous sin of plundering the poor starving people: 'You should,' said he, 'rather have given them a portion of your own provisions, than have been so base-minded as to rob them of their last morsel.' This was all very well, every one concurring heartily in the honourable sentiments of the worthy sergeant; and already he was set down as a very saint among us:—but what was our surprise, on resuming our march, to see the canteen strap of the man of stripes break by accident, and discover to our astonished eyes the identical flour pouring out on the road. Not daring to charge him openly with the gross deceit, loud murmurings were heard on every side, repeating his very words, such as, 'you should have given, and not robbed,' &c. The hypocrite,

on hearing the just reproof, slunk aside, without saying a single syllable, knowing well what was meant. Thus it appeared, that the moment the original thief had put back the flour to the place from whence it was taken, our worthy had gone and stolen it himself: I should have said before, that he had ordered the man to return the flour to the injured people."

"It was about this time that the French garrison of Almeida effected their escape from that fortress in such a gallant manner, although it was environed round by British and Portuguese troops: I believe the noise of the cannonading in this affair was heard in our quarters. Little or no blame could be attached to any particular part of the besieging army for this seeming negligence; fate, circumstances, or the ability of the enemy's general, may at times deceive the most wary, as one or more of these causes did in this case. However, one of those vulgar rhymes which nobody makes, but which is in the mouth of every one, was raised on this occasion: for the insertion of it I hope I may be pardoned:—

'The lions went to sleep,
The lambs went to play,
And out of Almeida
The French marched away.'

To explain this hobbling verse, it is necessary to say, that the 2d and 4th, two of the implicated regiments, had for their ensigns or mottos a sphynx or lamia, and a lion: the 2d obtained the former sign on account of the part they bore in the Egyptian expedition. It will be seen, on inspecting the foregoing distich, that by a transition as rapid as any in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the lamia is converted into a lamb."

Our readers will, doubtless, be astonished to learn, on the *ipse dixit* of this private soldier, who writes so like a regular literary hack, that "the battle of Arroyo Molinos, small as it was, comparatively speaking, may be said to have been the first decided advantage the British obtained in this war; it was the first instance, at any rate, in which they had acted upon the offensive, and its results were splendid, unlike those of our former engagements."

This action, of such extraordinary importance, was fought by a division under Gen. Hill, sent to effect a diversion in Estremadura, while the main army advanced to Madrid! Previously, the battles of Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Fuentes de Honor, &c. had been fought. But it is not in such notions alone that we catch our historian tripping: he is, elsewhere, often both out of character and out of order. *Es. gr.* "A 71st man had the good fortune to find a colour belonging to the corps *étranger*; for, to be candid, I must say, that he had not an opportunity of taking it by force of arms,—but the difference of the honour is merely ideal; for what, in reality, is the honour of a stained rag?" [Poor soldier!] "After passing Salamanca, we were joined by the Oxford Blues and the King's Life Guards, from England: their fiery, methought, should have saved them from the tarnishing effects of the peninsular war." [Poor creature!] "Five years of incessant toil had cleared the Peninsula of Frenchmen, and brought us to the borders of their country; but how meagre were these advantages, when the vastness of the coast was considered! how much blood had been spilt, and how many taxes had been exacted, to gain that empty honour!" [Poor politician!] "When the duke was leaving Toulouse, we turned out and saluted him: that day chanced to be the anniversary of the battle of Fuentes de Honor; every one of us had, therefore, a sprig of laurel stuck in his cap. I have little doubt but that the poor duke con-

sidered these decorations intended solely to do him honour." [Poor devil!]

THE CLARENDON PAPERS.

Ireland One Hundred and Forty Years ago.

THE second division of this work contains the correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, from March, 1684-5, to January, 1686-7,* nearly the whole of which period he held the high situation of Chief Governor of Ireland. His letters, consequently, relate principally to the condition of that country; and though much occupied with court politics, and especially with the ultra proceedings of Lord Tyrconnel, who ultimately superseded him,—they mention many particulars of much interest, and often give us a glimpse behind the curtain, which cannot fail to be considered curious at the present day.

The private instructions by Lord Guildford to his friend Clarendon, on setting out, afford a striking view of the country, and the causes of the disaffection which prevailed in it then, as now. We extract a few paragraphs.

"Ireland is a kingdom subordinate to England in so absolute a manner, that the king in his parliament of England may make laws that shall be binding in Ireland. This doctrine is so hard of digestion to Irishmen, that they will not with any patience hear of it, but it is necessary to be known by their governors, whose prudence will contain them from speaking of it without necessity, and likewise from acting any thing against it."

"In Edward the First's time, the statute called Westminster the Second, which was made in the thirteenth year of his reign, speaks of the king's publishing statutes at Gloucester, per que populus suus Anglicanus et Hibernicus, sub suo regimine gubernatus, celeriter iustitiam quam prius in suis oppressionibus consecutus est; which is a demonstration that statutes for Ireland were made in the parliaments of England."

"Ireland being thus in subjection, not only to the king, but to the crown of England, it is natural and necessary to believe that the Irish will have an aversion to the English and their government; and if ever they have it in their power, they will shake it off. This aversion is the stronger, because by the late revolutions many of the Irish lost their estates; and thought it hard measure, that upon the king's return their claims were rejected, where they pretended innocence (which was done for reason of state), because the difficulty of making proof after twenty years, and the generality of the case, some of them that may be supposed really innocent of the first rebellion, being sequestered by the usurpers; and others that were in that rebellion, but merited afterwards by their service to the king, were in the same condition with the worst of the rebels, and involved in the generality of those claims that could not be heard. This aversion will incline them to opposition and difference with the English in all things, and especially in religion, which has been always found the best pretence to make a change in the state. To encounter these, two grounds should be laid and steadily observed,—1. To encourage the English people. 2. To encourage the English religion; that is, the church of England. The practice of the former is easy and plain, by encouraging the English people to transport themselves. It will be a matter of great difficulty to steer a right course in the latter; because the num-

* It, with great propriety, includes Bishop Douglas's series, but carefully collated with the originals, and many lacunæ filled up.

bers of Presbyterians, as well as Catholics, are so very great, so that it is necessary for a governor to consider well how to avoid occasions of general discontent of either side, and to make his progress by such degrees as may not produce disorder, but prove effectual.

"He that governs Ireland will have a zeal for the church of England, when he considers he is a servant to the crown, and of what importance the king's supremacy is to the support of it; and what consequences the denying of it produces. 1. The Papists say the pope is above the king in ecclesiastical causes, (and what they are, the pope will determine,) and the king may, for good cause, be excommunicated by the pope: the consequence whereof is, that none of his subjects may minister unto him, or keep him company. This opinion was very popular in England in the old times, when the anti-court party had no other refuge; and by this they created all the troubles to the crown. This is not a bare notion, but was always put in practice when sedition was grown to that height that the popes could do it to the purpose; they did it in King John's time in England, and in Henry the Third's time in France. 2. The Papists deny the king's power of pardoning ecclesiastical offences, which cuts off a main dependence upon the crown. But the people must be imprisoned by the king when they are excommunicate, and cannot be released by him until they shall be absolved by the ecclesiastical courts; which power (considering how large the jurisdiction is) will be intolerable, unless where the king is so powerful that the pope is afraid of him. 3. The pope exempts his clergy from temporal jurisdiction. The abuse of this claim was insufferable in England; and when laws were made to restrain it, the popish clergy disputed and preached against those laws, as void and against the law of God, and that all that put them in execution ought to be excommunicate. 4. The popish clergy, claiming a power of declaring what is contrary to the law of God, without any subordination to the king, claim a power to declare the king's laws void—for all men admit that human constitutions must yield to the divine law: all these are consequences of denying the king's supremacy. No man that considers, then, but must hold the crown so maimed by them, that the king cannot be esteemed sovereign without the supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs. And, considering the avarice of Rome, and the greater influence that France and Spain will have over that see, that prince must be reckoned very weak that will give any ground to a jurisdiction so entirely and happily shaken off."

But one of the most remarkable facts of this period is to find that what we have thought a modern invention and practice, namely, the formation of a Catholic association, and the collection of a Catholic rent, were actually in existence a hundred and forty years ago. Lord Clarendon writes to Lord Rochester from Dublin Castle, January 1685-6.

"In my second letter of the 12th instant, I told you of Mr. Nugent's having been with me: I have since had a very particular account from one of their party, and who is at all their meetings, of what passes amongst them. He tells me, before my arrival, that those who manage affairs here have written, as it were, circular letters to their friends in the several counties—a copy of which I send you enclosed—whereby you will see the excellent grounds they go upon. They have likewise nominated agents for the Roman Catholics of the several counties; some to be sent into England, and

some to reside in this city: these are to be supported by a common collection. A list of them, as far as nominated, I here send you."

In a letter of March following, Lord C. alludes to his having lost money on a patent scheme for digging coals in Windsor Forest: and gives a singular list of the Irish sheriffs for the year, with remarks upon their principles and characters. We select two or three by way of example.

"WEXFORD. Robert Carey, an ensign, son of an old Oliverian.—*Answer.* Never a soldier; descended but meanly, his father and mother being mere Irish, and Roman Catholics, their former name M'Cream. He has an estate of 800*l.* per annum, got by purchasing soldiers' debentures, and thought by some to be a Roman Catholic.

"KILKENNY. Sir William Evans, Cromwell's baker's son.—*Answer.* His father was a baker before the war in England, who made his fortune near Kilkenny. His son having married Captain Richard Coote's daughter, was made a baronet, and since a justice of peace, which office he has discharged very honestly.

"GALWAY. John Morgan, reputed an ill man.—*Answer.* This gentleman was recommended by my Lord Limerick, with great importunity, to be sheriff, and it is the first time he was reproached with being an ill man.

"CAVAN. Samuel Townley, rather worse, if possible; and, between man and man, very dishonest.—*Answer.* This character seems to be given out of some particular pique, or want of knowledge of him, for he has been always loyal: never served Cromwell, but having lived privately till the late king's restoration, soon after was put into the commission of the peace, in which he has done his duty with integrity and diligence; and particularly has been very active in the severe prosecution of Tories, robbers, cow and horse stealers, with which sort of people the county of Cavan very much abounds.

"DONEGAL. John Forward, a zealous Protestant, and famous priest-catcher.—*Answer.* This gentleman is a very good Protestant of the church of England, and very loyal, but never was a priest-catcher; and the occasion which draws this reflection upon him is, because at a quarter sessions held at Raphoe, the 24th day of April, 1684, he, with other justices of peace then upon the bench, was active in putting in execution that statute made in this kingdom, the second of Queen Elizabeth, for the uniformity of the Common Prayer, which the said justices intended principally against the nonconformist Protestants, who swarm much more in that county than the Roman Catholics.

"DOWNE. Mountgomery, loyal, as Lord Mount Alexander says.—*Answer.* The gentleman deserves this character; and though living out of the county, was chosen sheriff, as an indifferent, impartial, and just man; it being a very difficult matter to have found one living in the county who was not engaged on the one side or the other in the controversies now depending there between the Earl of Ardglass and Mr. Dennis Muschampe; and upon that account has promised me to reside in the county this year, having a good estate there.

"LIMERICK. John Stepney, of his father's principles, unjust to his prince and to his neighbour.—*Answer.* This gentleman has hitherto a fair character, though he has the misfortune of a father who deserves the worst. And it is to be hoped he will be warned from splitting on the same rock: and is no fanatic.

"CLARE. Henry Cooper, no very good man.

—*Answer.* It is to be presumed the son is mistaken for the father, who is a whimsical, fantastic man. But the son is a very worthy young man, kinsman to the Earl of Thomond; his mother a Roman Catholic.

"CORK. Laurence Clayton, a caballing Whig.—*Answer.* It is not reasonable to conclude this gentleman a Whig, his father being a very loyal old cavalier and sufferer for the crown, and was condemned to die in Cromwell's time: at the king's restoration, in reward of his services, he was made a trustee and register for the officers who served in Ireland before 1649; and out of the lands set apart for those old cavaliers made his fortune; which has since descended to his son, who has not yet by any public actions discovered any inclinations to caballing against the government, or Whiggism."

On this curious list we have only to remark, that first characters are given by the Lord President; the answers are Lord Clarendon's, who says he will vouch for their "being truer than the animadversions."

The corrupt way in which offices were disposed of, and justice (or rather injustice) administered at this period, may be gathered from the following extract:

"By this post (Lord Clarendon writes to Lord Rochester) you will receive a letter to the Treasury, in answer to what you wrote about Mr. Weaver. I have stated the matter as fully and as plainly as I can, and the man ought in justice to have his money or his land, for the king ought to have nobody's land without paying for it: and it is a most wonderful thing how such a matter, so just, should hang so long, and so much money unnecessarily spent since: but there is one particular in this affair which I knew not well how to bring into my public letter, and yet, in my opinion, it ought to be known even by the king himself.

Mr. Weaver being with me, and urging his business as far as he could, in order to obtain a favourable report, as he called it, I told him that I thought he might as well allow the abatement of 500*l.*, being but an executor, as his father-in-law, the alderman, to whom the land belonged; especially since he was allowed ten in the hundred for his principal money from the time the abatement was made: to which the poor man with tears said, 'Then I fear I shall have but little of the money.' I asked him what he meant by that; he said, about a year since he sent to his son (a young man at the Temple) to try whether he could make a friend at court undertake to get him his money by giving him something for it; and that his son had found out one Mr. Hastings, (who was wounded last year in the West,) who had undertaken to get the business done for 500*l.*; but finding it long about, and his children growing up, to whom, he said, the money for this land belonged, in December last, Weaver went to my Lord Tyrconnel, (being introduced to him by a friend,) and offered him 1000*l.* to get his business done,—which my lord undertook, wondering much at the hardness of the case: so that he said, very pitifully, 'I know not whether my son be bound to make good the 500*l.*; but I doubt my Lord Tyrconnel will expect his 1000*l.*, and then if I am allowed but 319*l.* 2*s.* 5*d.*, there will come but 160*l.* to myself.' I told him I could say nothing to those bargains, nor in truth can I. I am sure I will make none of them, and when I have discovered them, that they are known, I have done."

But a more internal picture of the country will be more amusing to our readers; and we

select a very characteristic sketch, penned by the Lord Governor at Kildare, whither he had gone to the races.

"It is called but twenty miles from Dublin hither, but it is full as far as from London to Reading: it is, indeed, a noble country; and the common where the race is held is a much finer turf than Newmarket, and infinitely larger; but it is sad to see the people, I mean the natives, such proper lusty fellows, poor, almost naked, but will work never but when they are ready to starve; and when they have got three or four days' wages will then walk about idly till that be gone; and if they cannot then presently get into work, as perhaps at that moment their next neighbour has nothing to employ them in, then they steal. Their women, in the meantime, do nothing, not so much as spin or knit, but have a cow, two or three, according to the bigness of their ground, which they milk, and upon that they live; and no sort of improvement made upon the ground. Their habitations (for they cannot be called houses) are perfect pigsties; walls cast up, and covered with straw and mud; and out of one of these huts, of about ten or twelve foot square, shall you see five or six men and women bolt out as you [pass] by, who stand staring about. If this be thus so near Dublin, (as I saw several upon the road,) Lord what can it be further up in the country!*" of which I shall hereafter be able to give you an account, when I have opportunity of making farther journeys."

In another letter his lordship says:

"People here begin to grow curious in kitchen gardens; the salads are very good, and the roots generally much better than ours in England. Asparagus here are very good, large, and green:" to which his lordship adds an odd remark, asking pardon for the expression, and which we refer to the medical reader.

From among the accounts of Lord Tyrconnel, we shall copy part of one letter, which is a very lively and dramatic picture of manners.

"Sunday the 6th. To-day my Lord Tyrconnel dined with me. After dinner we went together into my closet, and looked over the list of new officers; where he marked those whom he thought able to pay my Lord Sunderland's fees: and for the others, he said they were poor devils, and the receiver-general must be directed to pay them, and deduct them hereafter out of their pay. He then desired that the commissions to the officers in the royal regiment might be delivered out with all speed, that he might quickly settle what was to be done in town, for he longed to make haste back into England for his health, which is every foot the burden of the song. I told him they should be given out to-morrow. He then desired that the other commissions might not be yet given out; that it was necessary he and I should first discourse more together: to which I said, with all my heart; that he might come to me when he pleased, he should always find me at leisure: he then said he would come to me to-morrow morning. And these things being thus settled, Sir P. Rycant (who had been present all this time) went out of the room, and I thought we were parting; when his lordship began a rambling discourse, which

I will repeat as well as I can, from the notes I immediately took. 'My lord, I am sent hither to view this army, and to give the king an account of it. Here are great alterations to be made; and the poor people who are put out think it my doing; and, G—d—me, I have little or nothing to do in the matter; for I told the king that I knew not two of the captains nor other inferior officers in the whole army. I know there are some hard cases, which I am sorry for; but, by G—, I know not how to help them. You must know, my lord, the king, who is a Roman Catholic, is resolved to employ his subjects of that religion—as you will find by the letters I have brought you; and therefore some must be put out, to make room for such as the king likes. And I can tell you another thing: the king will not keep one man in his service who ever served under the usurpers.' To all this I told him that this need not be said to me, who did not take upon me to inquire, how nor why any men were put out of, or others put into the service; that the king knew best what to do, and my part was to obey the commands he sent me; which I was sure I had hitherto done, and should continue so to do; that when I had any room to recommend, I always put his majesty in mind of such Roman Catholics as I thought deserved his favour, which he owned the king had told him. But, I observed, his lordship thought there were some hard cases; and when I was fully satisfied of any such, I did take the liberty to represent such persons, and their circumstances, to the king, without the least demurring upon executing his commands; being confident that his majesty (when fully informed) would take them into his consideration. I then mentioned the long services and merit of Lieutenant-Colonel Maquire; to which he replied, 'My lord, you do not know all: besides all you have said, I will tell you what I know to be true. That gentleman, in the late years of persecution, received and sheltered all the poor Catholics who came to him; and, by G—, to have him now laid aside is a terrible thing: but, my lord, when that is done, I would not have you represent any of their cases, which will anger the king and perplex him.' I answered, 'That I thought it my duty to inform the king of every thing, and if his majesty disliked any thing I wrote, he would let me know it; which he was sure would ease him of any thing of that kind for the future.' As to what he said of the king's resolution to employ none who had ever served the usurpers, I hoped he would not rashly declare that for a positive rule, because, in fact, it would prove not to be observed, as his lordship could not but know. He asked who they were, that were now employed, who had ever served the usurpers? I answered, 'That I did not doubt but the king was very well satisfied in those whom he employed in his service; and, therefore, as long as I saw them behave themselves well, I was not to start objections against them, which could not but be known before:' and so I left his lordship to find out whom I meant. Then his lordship, rising up to be gone, flew out, 'By G—, my lord, these Acts of Settlement, and this new interest, are d—d things.' 'Pray, my lord,' said I, 'let not you nor I enter into those matters: I doubt neither you nor I are well informed of all the motives and inducements which carried on those affairs six-and-twenty years since.' 'Yes,' says he, 'we do know all those arts, and d—d roguish contrivances which procured those acts.' 'My lord,' said I, 'I do not know what you mean; but those acts, such as they are, the king will not

have unravelled into; and it must be your lordship's business, and mine, and every body's, to endeavour to reconcile people; and we must all conspire to disperse jealousies between parties, and to unite every body to the common interest, that the king may be well served, and every body go about his business; that the trade may flourish, and the king's revenue increase.' 'I know,' says he, 'the Acts of Settlement must not be touched, and, by G—, it would make a confusion if they should; but, I am sure, my Lord Chief-Justice Keating and Sir Jo. Temple (whom all the world will own to be men without exception,) told me, when I was last here, that all the new interested men would willingly give a third, or half of what they had, to secure the rest; whereby money might be raised for those who wanted it.' 'I know not,' said I, 'what discourse was between your lordship and those gentlemen; but I will be ready at any time to hear them, or whoever else you will desire, upon any points which may probably bring any advantage to the king.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will say no more at present; but, by G—, my lord, here have been foul d—d things done here.' And so, after an hour and half discoursing at this rate (for he is a loose and confused talker), we parted. He only desired that I would command all the officers now in town to repair to their respective posts, that they might be there when he came amongst them."

With these various specimens we must be content to close our illustrations of the Irish Letters; but when we remark, that the correspondence fills between five and six hundred quarto pages, we need hardly confess how imperfect our limited space is to do justice to its importance. Taken altogether, we consider it to be very interesting to the history of Ireland.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Tom Raw, the Griffin: a Burlesque Poem, in Twelve Cantos: illustrated by Twenty-Five Engravings, descriptive of the Adventures of a Cadet in the East India Company's Service, &c. By a Civilian and an Officer on the Bengal Establishment. Large 8vo. pp. 325. London, 1828. R. Ackermann.

OF the class of the famous and popular Dr. Syntax, Johnny Newcome, Dagley's Takings, and other productions which combine graphic humour with poetical delineation,—this clever performance bids fair to rival the most successful of its predecessors, with a very numerous set of readers. It paints, both by ludicrous coloured caricature prints, and by amusing description, the mis-adventures of an East India Cadet, from his embarkation in England, through his crossing the Idne,—visiting the Cape,—introductions in India,—pleasures, sports, loves, marriage, wars, and wounds, in that country,—to his finally obtaining a staff appointment. Of the execution of this design we can speak in terms of decided commendation. The scenes are new to us on this side of the globe; and with all the burlesque exaggeration introduced for the sake of comic effect, it is impossible not to perceive that they are genuine pictures of men and manners, and drawn from actual life. With these attractions for the general mass, Tom Raw will no doubt speedily make us all, at home, acquainted with the nature and habits of that hitherto unknown animal the Griffin: but his chief *écart* will be extended over the Eastern empire; and not a ship will sail for India without this volume forming a part of several of its small out-fit libraries. In reality, it must be a very useful

* "This description of the state of the Irish peasantry in the county of Kildare is not without its interest. The lapse of a century and a half, though it may have somewhat bettered their condition, has by no means placed them on a level, in regard to moral improvement, with the peasantry of other countries differently circumstanced. May there not be something in the national character which co-operates with the political and religious state of Ireland in retarding it?"

study, as well as a very laughable pass-time, for every youth on his voyage out.

Circle of the Seasons, and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack. To which is added, the Circle of the Hours, and the History of the Days of the Week; being a compendious Illustration of the History, Antiquities, and Natural Phenomena of each Day in the Year. 12mo. pp. 432. London, 1828. T. Hookham.

THE ample title-page of this volume so fully explains its nature and objects, that we need only record its being very neatly arranged, full of pleasing botanical information for fair florists, curious in its account of migratory birds, and well calculated to be generally useful for reference on the various every-day subjects which its plan embraces.

Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest, and on Mediate Auscultation. By R. T. H. Laennec, M.D.; translated by J. Forbes, M.D. 8vo. pp. 722. London, 1827. Underwoods.

WE congratulate our professional readers on the appearance of Dr. Forbes's new translation of Laennec's celebrated work on the mode of detecting disease within the cavity of the chest. This distinguished physician pursued his investigations on this important subject even to the last few months of his existence, in the autumn of 1826. And the second edition of his treatise, from containing a mass of new facts, and corrections of error, according to Dr. Forbes, constitutes rather a new work than a revision of the former treatise.

We are sorry that our very miscellaneous pages oblige us to decline giving any extracts, though the subject is one of much interest both to the professional and general reader, and may, in all probability, lead to the most important and beneficial results in the early treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Art of Glasgow. 3 vols. Glasgow, Robertson and Atkinson.

WE love Glasgow, and wish her to flourish. She is hospitable and industrious; conducts her mercantile projects with prudence and liberality; and has made herself known to the world for learning and genius. The spirit, too, of literary speculation has lately come strong upon her; and she has put forth various works of research and talent. But she has failed in her attempts to establish a periodical publication to speak her feelings, shew her opinions, and represent her character. Within these few years she sent half a score of her periodical progeny smiling into the world, where for a time they flourished fresh and fair, then all at once vanished from before us, apparently in the full enjoyment of health and life. Has the love of "making meikle mair" proved too strong for that of literary distinction? has she resolved to encourage no manufactures unless they realise that modest idea of per centage entertained by one of her sons, "the tae half o' the tither?" or has her known attachment to the fleeting literature of politics induced her to discourage the productions which a critic would criticise.

We have been led into these reflections by reading a little weekly work called the *Art*—a publication of a twofold nature—original and select. It is now gathered into volumes. The original part displays considerable talent, and is full of good sense, good taste, good criticism, and good poetry;—and the selections from popular authors are varied and

judicious. Yet, with all these attractions, the work has been arrested in its progress, like one of the city looms when the market is choked with gingham. We cannot imagine the cause of this. It was not from want of talent—open the work any where, and you will find it;—it was not from want of external beauty, for it is prettily printed;—nor was it from its high price, for it is remarkably cheap. Glasgow has a large population, and is, in truth, the second city in the island in wealth, extent, and importance. She ought to promote the growth of talent, as well as encourage the manufacture of beautiful muslins and superb shawls. Let her call on the *Art* to resume her labours—they ought never to have been interrupted. The original portion of the work is inscribed to Mr. Thomas Campbell, and the selected part to Mr. Allan Cunningham and Mr. Thomas Hood.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

AN intelligent Correspondent of the *Kelso Mail* newspaper writes as follows:—

"In an extract from the *Literary Gazette*, which appeared in a late number of your journal, respecting Captain Parry's Expedition, I observe that the writer expresses a doubt as to the fact of the Neptune, of Aberdeen, having reached the latitude of 83 deg. 20 min. This circumstance is mentioned in the 18th volume of the *Quarterly Review*; but for the sake of accuracy, I shall give the passage *verbatim*:—"This last year (1817) the Neptune, of Aberdeen, before mentioned, reached the latitude of 83 deg. 20 min. in the sea of Spitzbergen, which is within 400 miles of the Pole—the sea open and clear of ice: Dr. Gregory* found the master a clear-headed, cautious seaman, and supplied with the ordinary instruments for nautical purposes."

"I suspect that the writer of the article has only taken into consideration expeditions fitted out by government; for that whalers have proceeded beyond 81 deg. 6 min. (the lat. attained by the Hecla) is sufficiently authenticated.

"The Honourable Daines Barrington, in his well-known publication,† relates that Captain M'Callum, whom he calls 'a scientific seaman,' sailed in 1751 from Hackluyt's Head, as high as 83 deg. 30 min.

"Captains Wilson and Guy, each in his own vessel, reached, in 1754, the lat. of 83 deg. They both found an open sea; but in consequence of their meeting with no whales in that latitude, they shaped their course southwards.

"But one of the most extraordinary and best-authenticated voyages was performed in the same year by Mr. Stephens, whose testimony is put beyond all doubt, by the cool judgment of the late astronomer-royal, Dr. Maskelyne. Mr. Stephens informed him, that about the end of May he was driven off Spitzbergen by a southerly wind, which blew for several days, till he reached lat. 84 deg. 30 min., and that he met with little ice, and found the cold by no means excessive.

"Captain Scoresby, sen. in 1806, reached 81 deg. 30 min., and many other whalers have sailed considerably beyond 81 deg.‡

"The writer seems to cherish a greater

* Dr. Olinthus Gregory sailed in 1817 from Shetland to Peterhead, in the Neptune, commanded by Captain Ericole.

† The Possibility of Reaching the North asserted.

‡ See *Wernerian Transactions* for March 1815.

hope of reaching the South than the North Pole. But when we consider that Cook was baffled in his endeavours to reach it at 71 deg. 10 min., and that the nearest approach ever made to it was only about 74 deg. by Mr. Weddell, the most distant hope can scarcely be entertained upon the subject.

"The North Polar ice, from the numerous reports which have been already collected, appears to be constantly changing, from a continuous to a loose state; so that one year a ship might reach a very high latitude, and in the subsequent one be stopped much sooner. The most correct method for ascertaining the nature of the drifting ice, would be for the masters of the whalers, who are generally intelligent men, to note down, more accurately than hitherto, in their logs, the direction and nature of the drifting ice, and of the winds; in order that the causes of the clear and icy state of the sea may be determined.

"Although I have stated an opinion contrary to the writer of the article in question, I entertain the greatest respect for his sentiments, as they are maintained by some of the best modern geographers."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 9.—The Rev. T. Turton, B.D. late Professor of Mathematics and Fellow and Tutor of Catharine Hall, was on Friday last elected Regius Professor of Divinity, on the resignation of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln; and at a congregation on Wednesday, a grace passed the senate to confer on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by royal mandate.

At the same congregation, J. Sturges, of Trinity College, was admitted Master of Arts; and R. F. Hartley, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

The Rev. M. Davy, D.D. Master of Caius College, was on Sunday last elected Vice-Chancellor of this university for the year ensuing.

The subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is, *The nature and use of Parables as employed by Christ.*

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Vitruvius Britannicus. By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F.S.A., &c. Part I. Imperial Folio. London, 1827. Carpenter and Son. This national work appears under the gracious patronage of his Majesty, a very powerful recommendation, and comes from the experienced hand of Mr. Robinson, so advantageously known to the public as a publisher on Rural Architecture, and other productions of art and science. The Part before us contains Woburn Abbey, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Bedford; and it is proposed to follow it by a Part half-yearly, till the design is completed. Before speaking of the new Vitruvius, however, it may be expedient very briefly to notice its predecessors. Above a century ago, Colin Campbell produced his *Vitruvius Britannicus*; since which, immense, almost universal, changes have taken place

* Upon this letter, which throws a good coup d'œil over the question—we have merely to remark, that we consider all the statements of high latitudes alluded to, to have resulted from imperfect instruments and inaccurate observations; and it is confessed by the writer himself, that our opinion is held by some of the best modern geographers; so that the facts he asserts cannot be so very decidedly authenticated. With regard to Weddell's not proceeding farther south, it ought to be recollected, that there was no obstacle to his doing so: he only returned because the objects of his trading voyage rendered a prosecution of his southern course inexpedient.—*Ed. L. G.*

in the mansions of our nobility and gentry. To Campbell's three volumes of 1716, 1717, and 1726, Woolfe and Gandon added a fourth in 1767, and a fifth in 1771; and so late as 1802, G. Richardson published a folio volume, with seventy-two plates, under the same title as the present publication. It is no depreciation to state, that these six volumes afford a very inadequate and imperfect idea of the buildings of which they treat, and are unworthy of being, now, considered fair specimens of the fine arts in England. We were therefore disposed to look upon Mr. Robinson's prospectus with great complacency and good will; and since we have examined the style in which he has executed his first example, we are more inclined to anticipate that, with due encouragement, he will bring out a very superior and valuable work.

The plans, &c. are from actual measurements; the plates are of the same kind with those which Moses engraved so beautifully for Hakevill's Italy; and the historic memoirs (if we may judge from the account of Woburn Abbey) are excellent. Thus, while the architect will be informed by accurate geometrical elevations, sections, and perspective views of principal apartments, &c., the decorator will see how furniture, pictures, and statues, are disposed in these splendid abodes; and the antiquary will reap his share of intelligence; while scenic views and landscapes meet the taste of the general reader.

Woburn Abbey, originally founded in the reign of Stephen, is not a building of architectural eminence; and ought not, perhaps, to have taken the lead in this series; but, like many other noble mansions, it is rich in treasures of literature, sculpture, and paintings, which impart much interest to its interior.

We may, perhaps, resume the notice of this work; but feeling that we have already neglected it too long, we wish to make some earlier reparation, however bounded by our other engagements, by shortly stating its existence and character. The engravings are most praiseworthy; and the last, a Landscape View of Woburn, drawn by J. D. Harding, and engraved by W. Raddcliffe, possesses a high degree of beauty and effect.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare. No. IV. By Frank Howard. London. T. Cadell; Rivingtons; Baldwin and Co.; Bookers.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare is a bold phrase for the artist; and not the less bold, when he undertakes, as in this No., to illustrate the grotesque and fanciful fairy machinery of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But we congratulate Mr. Howard on his performance. His mind, invention, and imagination, seem to have risen with his subject; and he has given us a very charming series of outlines, of no fewer than eighteen scenes from this admirable drama. His Oberon, Titania, and Puck, are finely conceived in all their situations; and his imps are exceedingly playful and piquant. One fellow tilting at an ant; and another doing Bottom's bidding—"Good Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapon in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle; bring me the honey-bag"—are delightful specimens of elfish humour. Bottom, too, is a capital study. The enchanted aspect of the trees is a happy thought; and, indeed, taken altogether, we consider these designs to be very felicitous in their forms, and truly to have caught the spirit of the immortal bard.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Last week Mr. J. J. Chalon and Mr. C. Eastlake were elected Associates of the Royal Academy, and Mr. J. R. Lane, Associate Engraver.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NAVARINO BATTLE-CHANT.

LIGHT royal tower and palace fair,
Bid lordly London shine;
Then lift your silver goblets high,
When they are full of wine;
Hear how the gladdening thousands shout,
Through all the gleaming town!
For England's ocean-sword has struck
The haughty Crescent down:
Greece, free in all her hundred isles,
Starts up and cries with me,
A health to George, the Island-King,
And sovereign of the sea!

And here's to thee, brave Codrington!
Like powder to the spark,
Thy spirit flashed out bright and strong;
O'er ocean deep and dark,
I see thee wave thy hand, and cry,
"My gallant comrades weigh!"
I see thee, like the thunder-bolt,
Red-bursting on the bay:
The rushing smoke and volleying flame
Shroud all the heathen ships;
'Neath Britain's sun, the Turkish moon
Is suffering an eclipse!

Hot in the midst De Rigny fights,
With his gay sons of France;
And well the stout De Heiden keeps
The battle's bloody stance;
While brave as France, as Russia stout,
Unmatched in might and skill,
The Island sailors make the waves
The vassals of their will;
And leave of all yon stately fleet,
That sailed so lordly by,
But that blood-bubble on the wave—
Yon smoke-cloud in the sky!

Greece, glorious Greece! thy name's a spell—
And an old spell; for none
Of thy old spirit's in the land—
Thy day of glory's gone:
Olympus' hill is dumb, and all
Thy sons are soulless clods;
The last of mankind—boasting sires
A little less than gods.
In vain doth valour strike the steel
O'er natures dull and cold—
Yet here's to Greece! she shews one spark
Where bright fires flashed of old.

Here's to the Russian, bold and stout—
The Frenchman, frank and brave—
And all heroic hearts who fought
On Navarino's wave:
Again—here's gallant Codrington,
A warrior tried and true!
Name but a braver, better man,
And I shall toast him too.
A health to royal Clarence,
We owe him three times three;
And here's to George, our Island-King,
The sovereign of the sea!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

FAREWELL to the lilies and roses,
Adieu to green leaves and bright skies,
Prepare for red hands and blue noses,
Fogs, chilblains, sore throats, and old guys:
The sun, Sagittarius nearing,
Begins to look blousy and queer;
And winds sing, in accents uncheering,
The last dying speech of the year.

The days they grow shorter and shorter—
You can't see the town for its smoke—
Invention, Necessity's daughter,
How long must we blacken and choke?
Contract with some wholesale perfumer,
To wash off the soot as it falls;
Or let a gigantic consumer
Be placed on the top of St. Paul's.

Contrive by some channel to turn it,
Ere down our poor throttles it rolls;
Why can't the gas company burn it?
'Twould save them a fortune in coals!
Much longer we cannot endure it:
The smother each resident d***s;—
Unless something's soon done to cure it,
'Twill cure us, like so many hams.

The cit, now from Thanet's fair island,
Stems back to Bartholomew Lane;
The peer posts it over the dry land,
To pace Brighton's new pier of chain;
The Lord Mayor, by mud and by water,
Divulges his draggel-tail'd show;
And the judges to dinner besought, are
Too good judges e'er to say "no."

Each Englishman, now at his hope's end,
The national taste to denote,
Swings out of the world at a rope's end,
Or cuts all his cares with his throat.
With thy fogs, all so thick and so yellow,
The most approved that for emmi,
Oh! when shall a man see thy fellow,
November, for *felo de se*?

But lo! through this dark cloud of evils
A ray is beginning to peer,
Which startles the host of blue-devils,
As though 'twere Ithuriel's spear:
The pulses again freely play; for
Though faster may fall the snow flakes,
Merry Christmas is coming, and hey for—
Rumps, turkeys, mince-pies, and twelfth-
cakes!

A fig for each cynical raller—
We'll keep it up early and late;
I shall have a long bill from my tailor,
But, curse him, the rascal must wait!
Come, what shall it be, pretty lasses,
Hot cockles? pope-jan? blindman's-buff?
Its no matter how the time passes,
So you do but make racket enough!

Though Fashion such sports has exploded,
Her firman ne'er think upon now;
But bring, with its pretty pearls loaded,
The mistletoe's mystical bough:
Oh, why should we part with our blisses,
To follow the taste of a few?
Though some people may not like kisses,
I honestly own that I do.

Of course, there'll be some little tussling—
The fluster is half of the fun;
And what's a few yards of book-muslin,
Compared to the prize that is won?
Would Almack's but set it a-going,
Pleasure soon would put *Payne* out of date;
For who would be seen dos-à-dos-ing,
When they could be thus tête-à-tête?

Round a large wassail-bowl of rich fluids,
Would quench e'en a Tantalus' thirst,
Libations then pour to the Druids,
Who gathered the mistletoe first:
And next to the sweet girls who've blest it,
Wherever the pretty rogues be,
And who, though they must seem to detest it,
Would live and die under the tree!

J. R. PLANCHE.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN SALE, ESQ.

DIED on the 11th instant, in the 69th year of his age, esteemed and regretted for his public talents and private worth, John Sale, Esq., for many years father of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's; vicar-chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral; lay-vicar of Westminster Abbey; secretary of the Noblemen's Catch Club; conductor of the Glee Club, &c. For upwards of thirty years, he was, with the highest professional credit, the principal bass singer at the ancient concerts and all the first concerts and oratorios in the metropolis, as well as at the provincial music meetings. Mr. Sale was honoured with the friendship of George the Third, as well as of his present Majesty, and of every member of the royal family—most of whom he had numbered among his pupils. He has composed a number of good glees; and was selected by the Wellesley family to superintend the publication of those of the Earl of Mornington.

Mr. Sale has left two sons, who inherit his taste and inclination for the musical profession; viz. J. B. Sale, whose exertions at the ancient concerts are justly appreciated by all musical cognoscenti, and who has been selected to superintend the musical education of the Princess Victoria; and G. C. Sale, the able organist of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Mr. Goulden has been appointed to succeed Mr. Sale in the Chapel Royal.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.
NO. V. concluded.

In some communes, before they begin their repast, [the dinner after the marriage ceremony, previously described,] they present the new-married couple with a mess of milk-pottage: formerly, the white hen was offered to them, which, after having been carried in the procession, was doomed to form a part of the wedding dinner.

The dinner does not begin till after the new-married couple have received the marriage presents, which generally consist of money, and sometimes of cradles and other useful articles of furniture. These presents being made, all the persons invited to the wedding take their places at table, except the bride and bridegroom, who have no share in the feast, because the bride does nothing but cry! When the dessert is put upon the table, she seats herself at another table along with the old people, and a young girl sings a "doleful ditty," in which she deplors the loss of the "noble qualities of a maiden." This ballad, which is sung to a very tender air, causes the bride to weep continually; those who surround her "catch the sweet infection," and are soon dissolved in tears: at length she "takes up" a little, and accompanies her husband in his tour round the room, drinking with all the guests, who attempt to divert her sorrow by various gay proposals and merry speeches. We must not forget to observe that every young man, if he would wish to be considered polite, must take care to throw from time to time, without her seeing it, a little bit of sugar, or some sugar-plums, into the glass of the young girl who is his partner at the wedding. They sit a long time at table, and in this the inhabitants of the Vosges imitate their ancestors the Gauls, who passed a great part of the day at an entertainment. The musicians, however, begin to sound their violins, and the young people hasten to lead away the bride, with whom all the men must

dance a minuet. This dance being finished, they commence waltzes, country dances, quadrilles, &c. &c.

Towards midnight, or later, the company go in search of the new-married couple, who have given them the slip, and gone to bed; if they have the good luck to find them, they do all in their power to tease and plague them; they soon, however, effect a reconciliation by bringing some milk-pottage, or more frequently a toast sopped in hot wine flavoured with cinnamon, pepper, and nutmegs. While the happy pair are eating their toast, the young girls continue the dance, and do not visit the hymeneal chamber. At day-break, and not before, the company leave off dancing, and retire to rest; but as soon as the bell sounds for the seven o'clock mass, every body invited to the wedding considers it a duty to attend it: this mass being for the deceased relatives, they think themselves guilty of a great crime if they are not present. On leaving the church, every one seeks his home.

The manner of choosing a wife, by the bride's father passing in review all the marriageable girls before the father of the bridegroom, is certainly a remnant of Druidism, and bears some relation to the symbols and allegories of all ancient religions. It is thus that David is chosen king by Samuel: God having directed this prophet to go to Jesse, the Bethlehemite, one of whose children he had destined to be king instead of Saul—Samuel went thither, and invited Jesse and his sons to come and eat with him. Jesse bringing his children together, first "called Abinadab, and led him to the prophet, who said to him, Neither hath the Lord chosen this. Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this. Again, Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him; for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent and brought him in. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him; for this is he. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren."

In the same manner, God made known to his servant Abraham, among the young women who went out of the town to draw water at the spring, her who was destined to be a wife for Isaac.

It is commonly on the Saturday evening, or the Sunday after vespers, that the young men go to see their sweethearts. The game of hot-cockles, singing, and dancing, form the general amusement of these parties, which always consist of twelve young men and the same number of girls; in case one of the young men has made an offer of marriage to a young girl, the lover goes alone to see his intended; they meet one another very often, and he gives a strong proof of his tender affection to the lady by frequently squeezing her hand, and sometimes nearly dislocating her fingers—and this he calls the "eloquence of his love." It is readily known when there are any marriageable girls at a house, by the manner in which the dung-heap is arranged: if it is carelessly put up, the wife-seekers go somewhere else; but if, on the contrary, the straw is arranged with care and elegance, they stop and ask permission to pass the evening with the family; and this favour is rarely denied them: it is always preceded by the benian sin

rof (you are welcome here), which is said when they enter the kitchen.

When a young man does not prove agreeable to a girl, she gives him his dismissal by sending him a cat. Hence, doubtless, the proverbial expression still in use in France of *emporter le chat* (to carry away the cat), said of a person leaving a house without "bidding good by."

The young man who holds the riband of a girl's distaff while she adjusts the hemp, is recommended to a sweetheart, as a reward for his attention.

Gentleness of manner is considered by the mountaineers of the Vosges as the first quality in a female; the second is the love of labour.

When a man has married a girl out of his own village, the young men of the place where the bride lives, stop her progress to the church by a riband stretched across the road, the removal of which is purchased by a few bottles of wine and some money.

In la Bresse, as soon as a young girl has received the nuptial benediction, her relatives no longer address her with the affectionate *thou* and *thee*, but *you* is substituted in their place: it is probable that this respect for the character of a married woman is derived from the Celts, the matron being almost idolised among them.

In the arrondissement of Remerement, department of the Vosges, when a young girl is going to be married, the youth of both sexes invited to the wedding meet together some days before its celebration, and solemnly deliberate whether they shall carry at the head of the procession a white hen (*ain geline blanche*). The young girl who has not preserved the best dowry that she can bring to her husband, cannot expect to enjoy the glory of the white hen; this honour, to which so great value is attached, is inexorably refused to her; and riches, beauty, and repentance for her fault, avail nothing,—no consideration will induce the peasantry to honour her with this emblem of female virtue. On the contrary, if the bride has kept herself unpolluted by the temptations of vice, they anxiously seek for a perfectly white hen to grace her wedding day. The bird is fastened to the end of a pole, on each side of which is placed a distaff with flax at the end of it, ornamented with ribands of various colours. On the wedding day, the pole is carried by a young boy, the friend of the bridegroom, who walks at the head of the procession; and when he passes by the houses of any of his friends, he pulls a string attached to the wing of the fowl, for the purpose of making it cry out, to signify that the bride whom they are conducting to the church to receive the nuptial benediction is a virtuous girl: and the two distaffs with the flax are intended as emblems of her industry.

On returning to the house where the wedding dinner is to be kept, the white fowl, the emblem of a good mother of a family, is killed and served up at the table of the new-married couple. It should be added, that the bride is always ignorant whether she will enjoy the honours of the white fowl: this public homage to her virtue is a pleasant surprise for her husband, and offers an agreeable prognostic of his future happiness.

The question naturally arises, whether this custom be ancient? many very old men of this department say that it was known to their ancestors; and all think that it is derived from the Pagans. These were, most probably, the

* So says our authority.—Ed. L. G.

Celtic; for no similar custom is mentioned among the Romans or Greeks, and it is not likely that the custom was brought into the mountains of the Vosges by travellers: and we are confirmed in this opinion by the relation which the Celtic word for hen, *gear*, has to the words *gerline*, *geraine*, the name for this fowl in the patois of the department of the Vosges.

DRAMA.

The dramatic novelties of the past week are rather scanty. On Monday our distinguished favourite Mr. Macready resumed his station at Drury Lane, in the character of *Macbeth*; and last night was cast for his still better character, *Virginia*. At the same theatre, *Artaxerxes* has been produced with singular effect; Mr. Brahm performing the part of *Artabanes*, and by his great powers making it what it never was before upon the stage. Miss Paton, as *Mandane*, is all that could be wished, though not yet perfectly restored to health. Miss Love in *Arbaces*, is, to be sure, rather a drawback; but the opera, altogether, is a superb treat to the lovers of music.

VARIETIES.

The Bristol Tunnel.—This under-taking, according to report, proceeds favourably: it is already a quarter of a mile long.

Winter.—The last letters from St. Petersburg mention that winter had set in with severity three weeks ago: we shall therefore probably (as the weather-wise folks at home say) very soon have it here.

An Expulsion!—A grand dinner was given in the Tunnel a few days ago, "to commemorate the expulsion of the Thames." It was well for the guests that the old gentleman overhead did not walk in upon them again, uninvited. The subject would make a capital scene in the Christmas pantomime; and we recommend it to Farley.

Civilisation of Africa.—M. Drovetti, the French Consul-General in Egypt, has proposed, to the Society of Geography, with a view to promote civilisation in the interior of Africa, that a certain number of young negroes (such as arrive every year at Cairo from the central provinces,) should be sent from Egypt to Paris for their education. The Society of Geography has, in consequence, directed the project to be communicated to the Society of Education of Paris, which has already contributed to the instruction of several Africans, of both sexes, from Senegal and Madagascar. M. Jomard states, that three schools are now established for the natives, under the protection of the French Government at Senegambia.

African Expeditions.—The Paris journals continue to hazard and circulate conjectures respecting the destinies of Majors Laing and Clapperton: we have only to say, that there are no real foundations for the reports. The last letters referred to in Paris are from Mr. Warrington at Tripoli, dated July 17th and 30th, who expresses his belief that both travellers had reached Kano in safety.

Literary Fund.—The first meeting of the Committee of this admirable Institution took place on Wednesday; when a large sum was disbursed for the relief of literary distress.

Cromwell.—The following traditional anecdote of Cromwell, is from the relation of an old man, who had heard it repeated many times in his youth by some ancient members of his family. During the times of the Commonwealth, there befell a scarcity of corn, in consequence of a short harvest. Though it was known that the

preceding years had produced plentiful crops, yet the farmers of those days, like forestallers and controllers of the markets in later times, artificially increased the scarcity by withholding their grain from the public, till a famine appeared to threaten the metropolis. Upon a market-day (I was told by my narrator), at Uxbridge, a stout, rubicund, respectable, gentlemanly man, dressed like a substantial country yeoman, purchased nearly all the supply of grain in the market. The farmers, supposing him to be employed by some merchants, or probably by government, were well pleased with him, and invited him to dine at one of the inns in their company, which invitation he accepted. After dinner, whilst regaling themselves over their tankards, &c. he told them he had a large commission for corn, and was disposed to give a good price. He likewise offered a premium to him who brought the greatest quantity for sale. Accordingly, on the next market-day, Uxbridge had never displayed a larger supply of corn. Then, too, appeared our substantial yeoman, with several attendants, and bags of gold. He purchased and paid for nearly all the grain that was brought. The competition amongst the farmers for the prize had emptied many a groaning granary, and the lucky farmer who had brought the greatest quantity was called for by the gentlemanly purchaser to receive at his hands the promised douceur. Exultingly he received and pocketed the money; but as he was turning away from his liberal customer, he was asked by that gentleman to return him twopence, which the farmer did accordingly. The gentleman, with a commanding air, and a severe tone, thus addressed him: Dost thou know what thy twopence is for? He answered no. Well then, I'll tell thee: I consider thou art the greatest rogue in this market. This twopence is to purchase a cord to hang thee withal.—Corporal Stubbs, addressing one of his pretended servants: there lives a cord-twister over the way; with this twopence buy thee a rope, and hang this fellow upon the sign-post of this very house, as a warning to all such accursed Achan; for surely, as saith the Scripture, "Cursed is he that withholdeth bread from the poor."—The immediate execution of the farmer took place, for it was Cromwell who commanded it; and Uxbridge market, for the future, was well and regularly supplied with grain.

Mottos for Decanter Labels.

Armet PORTUS? subeat non causa doloris.
SumbatIS HERI? non dolor est hodie.
Hic liquor est molLIS BONUS, aptus ad omnia leta.
Oppida ne CALCA VALLATA ad prelia, quærens,
Sisonitum capias ecce thibet Volupe.
Dum lucet CLARE Te magis iste trahat. H. H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Poem of some length is, we are told, about to make its appearance, by Viscount Dillon. The subject is connected with Italy, where his lordship has spent much of his time.

Mr. James Bird, Author of the *Vale of Slaughter*, &c., has in the press a new Poem, in Four Cantos, entitled *Dunwich; a Tale of the Splendid City*.

Cuthbert, a Novel, is announced for publication in January.

A Short Series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner, the Professor of Mechanical Philosophy in the New University, is announced for publication. The author professes to have treated the subject in the most familiar style, and to have stripped it so far of mathematical reasoning and technical phraseology, as to render it at once intelligible and interesting to the general reader.

Part I. of a Second Series of the *Stanley Tales*, with considerable improvements, is announced.

Lieutenant Siborn, Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, announces a Practical Treatise on Topographical Surveying and Drawing; with Instructions in Topographical Modelling, or the Art of representing the surface of a country in relief.

The following, we understand, will be the contents of

the forthcoming No. of the *Edinburgh Review*:—Mr. Burke and Dr. Laurence—State of German Literature—Royal Society, President's Discourses—Private Theatricals—Taxation, Retrenchment, Reduction of the Public Debt—State of Parties—O'Driscoll's History of Ireland—Palgrave's Rolls of Parliament, Record Commission—Natural Death of Slavery—Travels in the Mining Districts of South America—Natural Theology, Society of Useful Knowledge—&c. &c.

Mr. Wilson, Author of several publications on Dancing, &c., has another Dancing Work and a Dramatic Piece in the press.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Emir Malek, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—Conversations on Animal Economy, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. bds.—Bloomfield's *Æchylus*, English Prose, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Petersdorf's Law Reports, Vol. VII. royal 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Jones's Law of Carriers, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Circle of the Seasons, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Dunbar's Inquiry into the Greek and Latin Languages, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Sandford's Greek Exercises, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Person vindicated, 8vo. 11s. bds.—Cassan's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Illustrations of the Bible, India proofs, 4to. 2l. 2s.; Imperial 4to. 3l. 3s.—The Royal Almanack, 1829, 3s. 6d.—Illustrations of Virgil, Part I. 10s. 6d.; India, 1l. 1s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

Thermometer.	Barometer.
November.	
Thursday... 1	From 35. to 44. 29.80 to 29.99
Friday... 2	— 35. — 45. 29.80 — 29.99
Saturday... 3	— 30. — 53. 30.00 — Stat.
Sunday... 4	— 35. — 53. 30.00 — 30.13
Monday... 5	— 43. — 53. 30.20 — 30.26
Tuesday... 6	— 45. — 57. 30.18 — 30.15
Wednesday 7	— 46. — 50. 30.07 — 30.04

Prevailing wind N.W. and S.W.
Except the 1st, generally cloudy; raining heavily on the 2d.

Rain fallen 1 of an inch.

Thermometer.	Barometer.
November.	
Thursday... 8	From 53. to 47. 30.00 — Stat.
Friday... 9	— 42. — 53. 29.80 — 29.69
Saturday... 10	— 45. — 53. 29.77 — 29.90
Sunday... 11	— 45. — 58. 29.84 — 29.88
Monday... 12	— 34. — 51. 30.00 — 30.04
Tuesday... 13	— 35. — 53. 30.04 — 30.05
Wednesday 14	— 52. — 57. 30.00 — 29.88

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 12th, generally cloudy; raining on the 9th and 14th.

Rain fallen, .225 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 3 11 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear from R.
We do not want to hear, "never no more," from Montanus, or C. Y. X.

A letter from S. Simons, of Cromer, is received.
G. S.'s compositions do not suit the L. G.
What can we do with such compositions as the following?

Susan Pew.

There never best a heart so true
As mine to pretty Susan Pew
(She won it, two years since, at loo);
Indeed, to give her but her due,
Her outward charms are not a few;
Her locks are black—her eyes are blue—
Her lips like poppies wet with dew;
And she can wash, and bake, and brew,
And roast, and boil, and grill, and stew;
And she has gold and silver too,
But then her lovers are—a crew.
Last night I to her window flew,
In time to see her kiss a Jew;
And though methought 'twas nothing new,
My soul was madden'd at the view—
And what to say, or what to do,
Or where to go, I hardly knew.
I should have thump'd him black and blue,
But then I must have battled too—
And who could think of harming Sue?
Not I, who would have kissed her shoe.

Prepare the rosemary and yew,
Or some funeral flowers in lieu;
Prepare my coffin for the crew,
I feel my heart is split in two!
One half I leave to fickle Sue—
Carry the other to the Jew;
I die in a fogging cue
For her dear sake, or he should rue
That he has injured he knows who.
And oh! if ever pity drew
Her heart, that lily hand may strew
The youth his cruel falsehood drew.
Oh! had she been some curst shrew,
Or not more kind, at least, than true,
And less encouraged me to woo—
I can no more the theme pursue;
My tongue sticks to my jaws like glue,
My throat is hotter than a flue;
I'll put it in this hempen clue,
And so, inconstant maid, adieu!

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